

# ROSIKRUCIAN DIGEST

NOVEMBER, 1949 · 30c per copy



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#### OUR SUPREME COLOMBE

Joan Barton, above, was duly appointed by the Imperator as Supreme Colombe of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, on September 12, 1949.

A Colombe is a ritualistic officer. She traditionally succeeds the vestals of antiquity who tended the sacred Flame in the Temples. In Rosicrucian convocations, her presence symbolizes the *light* of knowledge and the *purity* of conscience. The Supreme Colombe presides over all Supreme Grand Lodge functions directed by the Imperator.

# What the Wise Men Taught King Solomon



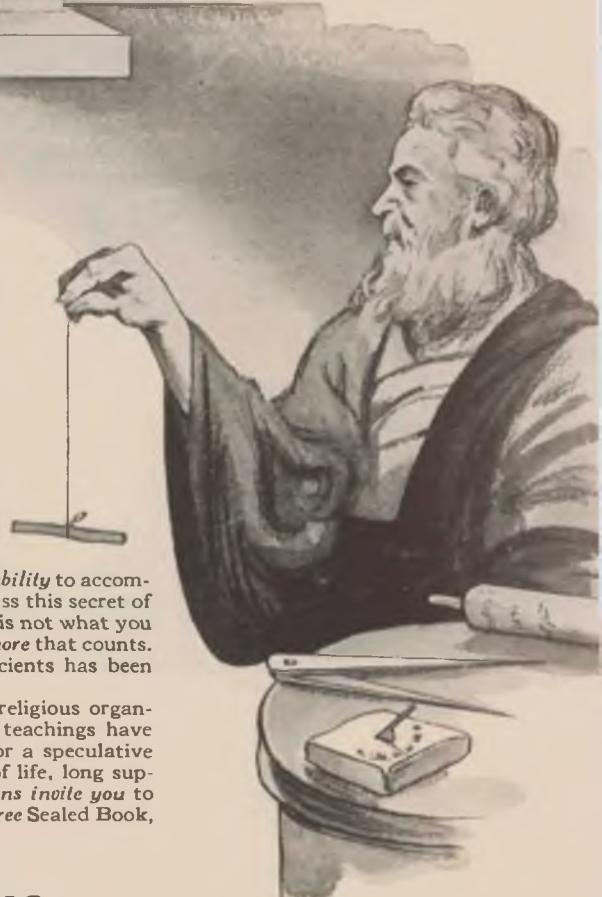
## *The Secret of Personal Power!*

"**THERE IS NO NEW THING UNDER THE SUN.**" said Solomon. The ancient sages had shown him that every human achievement is founded upon *certain natural laws*. Invoke these strange forces and the elements will heed your commands, your wishes shall become realities —this was the promise the wise men gave the great king. What were the forces to which they referred? What wisdom secluded for centuries was divulged to Solomon?

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The Rosicrucians, a time-honored fraternity (not a religious organization) are one of the channels through which these teachings have descended to the present day—not a magical process or a speculative philosophy, but a remarkable system for the mastery of life, long suppressed by selfish and tyrannical rulers. *The Rosicrucians invite you to share this knowledge—write today for their fascinating free Sealed Book, which explains. Address: Scribe S.P.C.*



**The ROSICRUCIANS**  
(AMORC)

SAN JOSE

CALIFORNIA

# ROSIKRUCIAN DIGEST

COVERS THE WORLD

THE OFFICIAL INTERNATIONAL ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE OF THE WORLD-WIDE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

Vol. XXVII

NOVEMBER, 1949

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ROSIKRUCIAN PARK

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

EDITOR: Frances Vejasa

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# THE THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

## HEIGHTS OF THE HIMALAYAS

By THE IMPERATOR

This is the eighth of a series of articles by the Imperator about his observations on a journey which took him and his party around the world and into remote mystical lands.—EDITOR.



BEFORE US stood the Himalaya range, like a vast citadel rising abruptly from the plains of India. Forbidding, yet intriguing in its shroud of fog, it recalled the age-old legends which have descended from its rugged heights. Southern and Central India are virtually walled off by this great chain of mountains. The contrast between the lowlands, stretching out as far as the eye can see, and the sheer upthrust of the Himalayas, has an awe-inspiring effect on the observer.

The topographical demarcation also indicates radical climatic, religious, and social changes. The almost inaccessibility and remoteness of the land pocketed between the stupendous peaks has created an isolated world. The influences of time, the vicissitudes of passing civilizations, like waves of the sea, have shattered themselves upon this region, leaving little impression by their impact. Thus, to enter into the heart of this region is to experience in our times a living page from the book of life of a thousand years ago.

We were on our way to Darjeeling, India's most *modern* outpost, the link between today and yesterday. The ascent from Siliguri, the end of the standard gauge railroad, was gradual. The paved road, winding in and out of passes and ever upward, was reminiscent of travel through the Sierras in

California. The foliage was vividly green and here and there a spring burst through, seeming to sing in its liberation as it coursed over the rocks to find the canyons far below. Like some giant invisible sceneshifter, the upper wind currents would push aside momentarily the mist and there would be revealed to us a little village clinging precariously to some high slope. As we spiraled toward these villages, we found them mostly composed of low huts of wood and stone composition, the stone being indigenous rock. The pastoral scenes of cattle and sheep, grazing peacefully and lifting their heads lazily to gaze curiously after us, gave the impression of some old Flemish masterpiece.

Our spirits ascended as we did. The cool clear air, combined with the fragrance of lush vegetation and moist earth, was invigorating after the heat and dust of the lowlands. We sensed adventure ahead and our imagination responded. Our greatest concern was the absence of sunlight, for everywhere were tempting photogenic views. The heavy mist hanging low over the dark peaks would teasingly swirl, displaying a patch of blue sky beyond, only to quickly close again.

The city of Darjeeling is small *in* population and lies at a moderate altitude of 6300 feet. The people are an admixture of various Mongolian tribes and Europeans. The former come to Darjeeling from Nepal and Sikkim—neighboring independent states. Because

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of its altitude, Darjeeling is a summer resort for those Indians, and the English and other Europeans, who can afford to escape the terrific heat of the plains. The distance from Calcutta, Bombay, and New Delhi is considerable, especially in terms of train travel and cost to the average person. The wealthy have built permanent homes which are relatively pretentious. The very few hotels which appeal to Americans and Europeans simulate the Swiss Alpine establishments in appearance and accommodations.

In the modern sections of Darjeeling there is a heterogeneous collection of articles of Western manufacture to be had and the crude products of native craftsmanship. The Western goods are exorbitantly high priced because of Indian tariff regulations combined with the expense of the transportation to Darjeeling. The appeal to the wealthy class of Occidentals who patronize this city in the summer is another governing price factor. Cleaner than most Indian cities, partly because of the climatic conditions, Darjeeling is in no sense like an American or Mediterranean luxury resort as, for example, Miami, Florida, or the French Riviera.

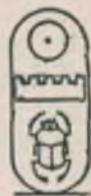
For several days we waited patiently to film snow-capped Mount Kinchinjunga which towers to a height of 28,146 feet, being slightly less in altitude than the famed Mount Everest. From Darjeeling on a clear day, this peak is etched against blue sky; but the gods, said to dwell thereon, had decided otherwise. For not once, while we were in Darjeeling, did Kinchinjunga bare his head. The time, however, was profitably used. We had to organize our expedition into Sikkim, the neighboring northland. Permission from high authority must first be obtained before we could venture into the interior. The restrictions are not only political—that is, requiring necessary passports, visas and the like—but there must also be an assurance that accommodations are available to the traveller. Unless it can be shown that you carry sufficient food stuff and bedding, are provided with a guide and, as well, have access to the remote *dak* houses, you are not permitted to enter. These *dak* houses are primitive stone "bungalows" of one or two rooms, built in the

mountain fastness for the purpose of accommodating the occasional traveller, that is, where he may find shelter. The usual indifference of the political subaltern, from whom the necessary credentials were obtained, was eventually overcome.

The guide for such an expedition is known as the *sirdar*, which literally means *headman*. With every mile into the interior, you realize your dependence upon such individuals. There is an increasing admiration for their amazing versatility. The *sirdar* must know five or six different Mongolian dialects, which are likely to be encountered en route, as well as English and French. He must be entirely familiar with clothing requirements and must engage coolies, pack animals, and any other necessary transportation. Most of the food must be acquired by him from natives on the way. He must constantly think in terms of the health and safety of his charges, so he alone makes all food purchases. This food he personally prepares, thereby assuring himself of its cleanliness.

The *sirdar*'s culinary ability is worthy of great approbation. The unique dishes of Oriental cuisine prepared by him have the most fascinating eye appeal, revealing his artistic sense, as well as being delicious. Sometimes this food is prepared over an open fireplace or, at best, on a crude iron stove, further indicating the ingenuity of the *sirdar*.

Our *sirdar*'s personality particularly interested me. Here was a man of keen native intelligence following a humble calling. He held the purse strings and was the superior of the coolies, as well as being responsible for all bargaining in our behalf. In his dealings with these people, he always spoke in a soft voice; his manner was never arrogant or threatening. In his relations with us, however, he assumed no obsequious attitude but was always courteous and retiring. This man's talents and his character were wasted here. How much the "higher" civilizations needed such a fundamental *gentleman* as this man! He might rise to great heights in the Western world with his attributes. Yet he showed no inclination to even inquire about America or England. Would he be corrupted by the tempo of the West? If contentment in the means of



earning one's livelihood, if the pleasure in the day's activities were in themselves the highest rewards of life, then the West could offer him nothing. The prominence and responsibility his talents might win for him in the West would likewise exact a compensating toll of strife and personal distraction.

#### *Land of Contrast*

Downward we coursed from Darjeeling, happy in the thought that we were leaving its dismal mists. In nearly three days, if we were fortunate, we would arrive in Gangtok, capital of Sikkim. Our course was northeast of Darjeeling and high over the range ahead. First, we must descend into valleys from which the mist seemed to boil forth like smoke from a cauldron. As we descended, the temperature rapidly changed. We were forced to discard our heavy army jackets and sweaters which were so welcome in Darjeeling. As if by magic, the sky was suddenly swept clear of mist and a great cloudless vault of blue appeared.

The whole countryside seemed transformed. Here and there the lower slopes of the mountains were planted with tea. Oddly enough, these huge plantations covering many acres are referred to as "tea gardens." At a distance the little tea bushes reminded us of the great California vineyards with their stubby pruned grape trunks which are also intentionally grown on the slopes of mountains.

Most of these larger gardens are owned by foreign syndicates. They are staffed with native help presided over by an English overseer. All sorts of inducements, mostly to their sensuous pleasures, are made to keep these men in their remote posts. Many of them have not been home to England for decades. To meet them is like looking at a woodcut engraving of a pompous man-about-town of the gay 90's—or at least a character out of a Kipling novel.

The road gradually worsened and the pavement ended. From there on, the roads were steep without regard for grade or width. Frequently we pulled to one side along the slippery edge of a precipice to allow tongas or two-wheeled carts drawn by bullocks to pass. The latter are the main means of transportation in this area. The carts

are laden with great basketlike containers filled with tea which will sometime find its way to your teacup. As there is no railroad, no telegraph or telephone, into northern Sikkim, these vehicles bring in wares and often news from the outside world.

We were now in a heavily forested tropical land. There were giant teak-wood and rubber trees whose limbs were festooned with great cablelike vines. The atmosphere was perfumed with a fragrance from the large ferns and flowers in a myriad of colors. The air was alive with sounds, such as chirps, screeches, and what even resembled agonized screams. It is estimated that between five and six hundred species of birds have been recorded in this region. To us it seemed that the whole number were at one time expressing themselves vocally. Nearly six hundred species of butterflies have also been tabulated here where life is so prolific.

Our attention was drawn to a number of monkeys who, in family groups, sat along the dusty road or on the overhanging limbs of trees. When seated on their haunches, they were nearly two feet high and, when standing, were quite tall. They were covered with a coat of coarse red hair, and were exceedingly curious about us. It appeared as though they came out of the heavy forest, through which we passed, to observe us in the same manner as humans in a rural district go to the railroad depot to watch the trains pass.

Those who think of these primates as insensate have not observed them closely. The females led their children by their humanlike hands or clasped them to their breasts. When they saw us, they stared; and then, as though commenting on us, they turned and chattered, looking occasionally in our direction as they did so. They evinced no fear of humans, moving casually out of our way to a lofty perch on the bulwarks of a stone bridge or to a fallen log.

We were now winding along the Rangit River, a wide torrential stream pouring from the melting snow of the peaks which loomed in the distance. Its translucent waters, shoals, and deep shaded-pools made it indeed a fisher-

man's paradise. Our sirdar confirmed the fact that the stream had a plentiful supply of edible fish—and yet not even one angler was in sight.

#### **Nomadic Tribes**

At last the frontier of Sikkim! A river constituted the boundary. The bridge spanning it was high, with space for just one vehicle to pass at a time. Some doubt was cast by us upon its strength, as only one bullock cart was permitted to cross at a time. The rough planks clattered loudly as it did so and the supporting stringers creaked ominously. This frontier post was in reality but a niche in the wilderness. There were two or three clapboard structures in which the local border patrol and authorities were housed. Each of us had to register and present credentials to now enter Sikkim or to go beyond to Tibet.

Here was a nomad encampment. These nomads were travelling, as their forefathers had done for centuries. They were, in fact, counterparts of their people for centuries back. They shifted from one mountain region to another with their tribal family and small herd of goats and burros. They were *Tibetans*. They wore tall woolly hats. Their boots were also of wool having a colorful design and were made by the womenfolk. The soles of these wool boots were made of coarse leather. The men wore blanketlike trousers, whose texture and patterns matched the skirts of the women. The trouser legs were perfectly round, stovepipe in shape. Each man carried a large dirk, thrust in the top of his trousers. The handles of these knives were made of bone and were often quite ornate, being inlaid with colored glass and stones. These knives are for utility and for protection against the wild animals in which the terrain abounds, such as the snow leopard, at higher altitudes. They were huddled about a community campfire, resting their backs against huge bales unloaded from the burros. These also served as windbreaks. The unfettered little burros, hard-worked animals, grazed nearby.

The children, barefooted and with tousled hair, but with gleaming white teeth framed by a charming smile, walked around us in circles. We were

objects of curiosity. They would point to our army jackets and boots and whisper among themselves, find something humorous and laugh good-naturedly. They could not speak English but by gesture finally begged coins from us.

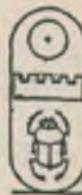
At times one of the men would rise and order the most persistent children away so that we would not be annoyed, but not once did any of the adults attempt to beg. These Tibetan nomads are quite large and bony, usually thick-set and having a far more robust physique than the Indians. Their chests are barrel-like, indicating that they live in the mountains where the rarity of air and consequent deep-breathing develop the chest. Their long hair, which sometimes is braided like a woman's or hangs down in straight strings beside their deeply tanned and furrowed faces, gives them a most ferocious appearance.

Sikkim, one of the federated states of India, though having an independent government, is about 70 miles from north to south and 40 miles from east to west. It is about the same area as the State of South Carolina or the country of Wales. The climate ranges from tropical heat in the valley to the icy cold of the eternal snows. The people were originally Lepchas or Rong-pa, which has been defined as ravine-folk. They are of Mongolian extraction, quite primitive and simple in their wants and exceedingly superstitious. As most primitive people, many are still animists; that is, they adhere to the belief that all things are alive, imbued with an invisible spirit or entity. Thus many of them practice idolatry.

#### **Man Against Nature**

We had chosen the month of November to travel into Sikkim after considerable investigation of the climatic conditions. It is one of the few months when the limited roads are passable. During the monsoon season, Sikkim experiences one of the greatest rainfalls in the world. In fact, the annual precipitation is in excess of one hundred inches. The torrential fall of water causes rivers to overflow and numerous springs to virtually spurt from the surrounding crags and hills. The roadbeds are completely

(Continued on Page 375)



# Eyes Reveal Personality Problems

By E. M. Wood, F.S.M.C.

Soror Wood is a practicing ophthalmic optician and orthoptist, with a foundation of excellent metaphysical knowledge. She is at present serving as master of the Auckland Chapter of AMORC, New Zealand.

MY VIEWPOINT is that a most important indication of man's spiritual development is the fact that he has stereoscopic vision. Our two eyes with their beautiful and complex mechanism normally give us clear, single vision. If we had never perceived through the intuitive mind this third dimension, we would never have gained sight through the medium of the eyes.

Again and again it is proved by all phenomena that the divine self within possesses all wisdom and all knowledge. It only remains for us, through study and concentration, to contact this source of wisdom and to fully comprehend it.

In my work of examining eyes for refractive errors and muscular imbalances, it is fascinating to study patients' reactions, their psychological complexes and general attitude. From tests on their eyes, I can tell almost exactly what kind of people they are. It amazes my patients to know that if they are tense, overanxious, overconscientious, their eyes will reflect this mental attitude. Usually small and varying degrees of astigmatism are shown, so that these people are constantly having their eyeglasses changed. Real astigmatism, which consists of an asymmetrical curvature of the cornea, never varies. It is usually developed in childhood after debilitating illnesses, such as measles and whooping cough, causing a kind of rickets of the cornea. Some cases of



high astigmatism are undoubtedly inherited.

There are many eye anomalies, or irregularities, that should never be corrected with lenses but with psychological treatment and orthoptic exercises. In such cases eyeglasses can be called *crutches*, but a better word is *excuses*. Many people develop eye anomalies because they are doing work they do not like. After all, if a person is doing work which causes eye discomfort so that he or she has to wear glasses which have to be constantly changed

(getting stronger and stronger lenses), no one should expect them to put up with such a situation. All they need is enough courage to say, "I shall do the kind of work I like." When they do reach this stage of deliverance, they are surprised to find that their eyes are well. Often the new job these persons attempt is much more trying than the previous one; and this proves that they had eye trouble because they did not want to see, or because they were ruthlessly thrashing their eyes to work at something which caused them to feel frustrated and unhappy. Their own attitude therefore created disharmony in the mind.

I use the orthoptic exercises as a means of getting at the mind condition, and give explanations as we go. When this treatment is finished, very often a pair of eyes has been restored to normal use, and the patient has solved the problem which through his own emotions

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caused some unnatural activity in his eye muscles. The orthoptic method consists of exercising the ocular muscles by means of prisms or forced movements of the eyes so as to correct ocular deviation.

#### **Bulbs on Two Stalks**

Advanced Rosicrucian students are well informed on the anatomy of the eye. For the benefit of the general reader, here is a brief outline:

The eye, constructed on the same principles as a camera, is a system enabling light from the outside world to be collected into a condensed band and brought to a focus on the retina. We do not see with the eyes but with the brain. The eyes are receptors and transmitters of light sensation. The brain is the receiving set through which the mind interprets the sensations. The optical media reduce light to a sharply defined beam; the receptor cells in the retina receive the stimulation of light; the nerve endings in the retina convey the impressions to the visual centers in the brain where they are interpreted.

These two eyes of ours are bulbs on two stalks sent out from the brain, and extending to the external part of the cranium to explore for sensation. They pick up those sensations like sensitive antennae and convey them along transmitting lines of nerve paths to the visual centers where every impression is interpreted and transformed into permanent visual impression by correlating the interpretations into proper groups in the memory cells.

In the early days of man's history, man may have had very poor vision, according to our standards now. He may have had only the most meager range of light sensations, but the desire for knowledge *alone* developed the visual perception up to the standard of today. The story of sight did not begin until the sensitive nucleus of each cell *desired* to see. This driving urge to *find out* has through its very intensity developed the visual comprehension of vibrations of light. Every child at an early age expresses this desire, "I want to see," and stamps with rage if it is not tall enough to see or is prevented from seeing. In the earlier days man relied

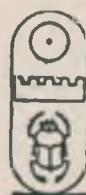
upon his instinctive psychic impressions to convey knowledge and information, but unfortunately as he gradually developed his vision, he used his psychic faculty less and less. Today we rely almost entirely on our five senses for information on our world while our faculty of intuition waits undeveloped. Early man with his simple psychology, less visual perception but alert intuitive faculty, was probably much better adapted to his particular world.

The days in which we now live are extremely overstimulating. The average person knows more about his physical self than ever before, but it is amazing how people know so little about their own eyes and the wonderful information bureau that exists behind those eyes. Until they have eye trouble, most persons take for granted the fact that they have eyes and leave it at that.

In the beginning the simplest form of sensing apparatus consisted of a single spot of sensitivity on the external surface of a cell. This sensitivity as it gradually passed through the university of time became progressively a spot, a patch of spots, a group of rods and cones, and then a retina which had to be protected; and so a beautiful covering, the cornea, was formed, but its cells remained clear in order that the light could still fall upon the sensitive rods and cones. As the eye developed into a curved shape, the cornea also served the purpose of acting as a condensing lens for the band of light falling on the retina. In that order the present eye in time came into existence.

Animals developed two eyes for protection—one on either side of the head. Animals that grazed on the ground, and had their heads low down when eating, developed their eyes on a slant, so that the tail end of the back view could always be seen well enough to register stealthy movements, even if very slightly.

When in the early morning of man's experience, the pursuit of food and the need to hide from foes was all he had to think about, he developed mainly his static vision, that is, his distance vision. The optical system of the eye is so fixed as to be in focus for distance without any extra effort on the part of the focusing lens.



We look into the distance to relax because this is vision without effort. But the near vision has to have a more powerful optical apparatus. A desire to see clearly is created in the mind, followed by a concentration of the sensitivity in the brain toward that end. The effort of concentration brings about muscular stimulation which acting upon the lens structure in the eye accomplishes accommodation for near vision. This extra effort to see, this straining toward a realization of finer detail, a stimulating of a deeper interest, is the explanation for the development of man's crystalline lens and his visual acuity. It is realized then that because of man's *desire*, he must *see*. It is the brain that sees and not the eyes, but there must be the incentive to see.

All the modern eye exercises which claim to dispense with the wearing of eyeglasses are based on this law. It is definitely possible to so control the visual mind that the muscular imbalance which causes small defects (occasionally large defects) of focusing, can be realized and the defects made to disappear, leaving a normal eye.

At the present time, much importance is attached to the ocular symptoms of persons suffering from neurosis. All these people show muscular imbalances, instability of pupillary reflexes, pseudo myopia, acquired astigmatism, photophobia (intolerance to light) and many other anomalies which previously puzzled the physician and the oculist. Quite often psychiatrists refer patients for reflex tests, including those who complain of blurred vision, and even those who have attacks of hysterical blindness.

#### ***Blindness from Shock***

One of my patients was a little girl brought in by her father for an eye test. He said the doctor had advised it, as the child, aged ten, appeared to be unable to see. After tests had been made, I asked her to read the chart, but she could only see the E which is the largest letter on the chart. Finding with my retinoscopy a very unreliable variation, I took the father into my private office and said without preliminary, "You brought this child to me for

eye examination, did you not?" He said he did.

"You should have told me the history of this case. This little girl is suffering from shock," I informed him.

He seemed very surprised that I had found this indication from an eye test. This was the story: The child had been very attached to her mother. One evening only a short time before this day, the mother had given her two children their dinner, read to them, said prayers with them, and then they had gone to bed. Later in the night when the little girl was in a sound sleep, she was awakened by a neighbor with this startling announcement: "Wake up; wake up! Your mother is dead."

The child's mother, who was only thirty-two years old, had died of unsuspected heart disease. The neighbor presumably felt that the best way was to be sharp and sudden and get the unpleasant news over as quickly as possible. The little girl showed no reaction whatever to her mother's death. She did not shed a single tear. Her father could not understand it. He expected her to be greatly distressed. Instead, she maintained a complete composure and apparent indifference. The funeral over and the children once more sent back to school, the little girl then complained that she could not see and so was brought to me.

I knew by the muscle test that she was so tensed, so terribly, terribly hurt inside that she could not let go of herself for a moment. If only she had screamed, the grief could have found a vent. She was so tense that her mind was stimulating all the branches of the motor nerve supply, causing her ciliary eye muscles (focusing muscles) to make her eyes quite out of focus. She had pseudo myopia. True myopes are too relaxed; having overpowerful eyes, they never use their dynamic, or near, vision.

While the little girl was with me I gave her a temporary pair of glasses to help her to relax. I explained to her how in this life we have to go through many tests. The greatest of these tests was that we had to prove to the people we loved that we did really love them. Life was full of sad things and full of

happy things, and every one of these things had something to teach us. I explained that when we met again the people who had died, they would expect us to have learned from all the things that had happened, and that since people did not really die but lived in a different state, they knew all the time what was happening, and could be very sorry about it if by their going they caused their dear ones to be so badly hurt. Presently she put her head down and wept. After that she gradually began to get well. Then one day she handed her glasses back to me saying with a triumphant smile, "They blur." I had told her to expect this when her eyes were well. The fact that she read for me even the small letters on the chart proved her cure.

Often patients who had been wearing prisms for double vision, after psychoanalysis, have been able to see quite clearly and singly without prisms. Sometimes after years of illness a patient will need some form of mental

treatment—ideas or interests to give him a new or different outlook—to help toward complete recovery. The main necessity is to reach the mind so as to restore harmony and allow the bodily functions to operate normally.

A prolonged illness (which even may be followed by deformity) may set up a bad psychological complex and thus cause disharmony in the mind and, as a consequence, in the nervous system. This may throw the delicate structure of the eyes into a continuous state of wrong function and faulty interpretation. If such a condition exists, the patient's vision is certain to improve if the treatments give attention to the adjustment of his personality. I personally have learned to diagnose mental imbalances through the indication of muscular imbalances. If medical science is to completely fill the role of healing, it must be able to discover the causes of illness which are hidden in the mind.



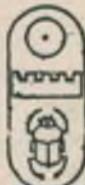
### NEW AMORC DIRECTOR

On August 29, 1949, Frater J. A. Calcaño was duly elected to succeed the late Frater Orlando Hughes on the Board of Directors of the Supreme Grand Lodge of AMORC. His election contributes, to the Board of Directors, many diversified experiences and talents.

Frater Calcaño was born in Venezuela in 1900. His family arrived there from Spain in the sixteenth century. In his youth, he studied medicine and later turned to music, studying in the National School of Music of Venezuela and in the Conservatory of Berne, Switzerland. He has composed symphonies, chamber music, and other musical works. After completing school, he served on the Editorial Staff of *El Heraldo*, leading newspaper of Caracas, Venezuela.

Frater J. A. Calcaño was Chief Councilor of the Venezuela Delegation to the United Nations Conference in 1945. Previously, he had been in the Venezuelan Foreign Service for seventeen years. He served in Switzerland, Ireland, England, and at St. Louis, Missouri.

In August, 1946, he was appointed as Director of the Latin-American Division of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, and has since established his residence in San Jose, California. Frater Calcaño's appointment to the Board is in accord with the growth of the Latin-American membership of AMORC, whose welfare and interest he has been furthering.





## SANCTUM MUSINGS

### BRIDGES

By RODMAN R. CLAYSON, Grand Master



**D**EATH is a mystery of which we know very little. It is an experience through which all must pass from this earthly life, and just when it will occur for the individual, no one can tell. Every day we know of or hear of individuals whom death has overtaken, and the matter of transition never fails to provoke contemplative thought in the minds of those who think of a transition.

Occasionally we read in the newspapers or hear over the radio of an incident where the transition of a number of people occurred at the same time. Such an occurrence is even a greater mystery than the passing of one individual, and it causes us to ask, "Why?" Why were the lives of twenty or thirty children in a school bus snuffed out in an accident in a Northwestern state several months ago? Why did seventeen people in an airplane-crash all pass from this life together? Why did more than a hundred people die on a fiery ship at Toronto? Of recent wonderment is the case of the thirteen people who met violent death at the hands of a mentally deranged man in the State of New Jersey—a man who, to all intents and purposes, was rational up to the time of the killing.

We shall not go into the mental twist in this man's make-up which caused him to level his gun upon so many people in a short time. Throughout the nation, newspapers and radio commentators gave special time and news space to the story. One internationally famous news commentator related the New Jersey tragedy to the story in the book entitled *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, which is a story written in fiction form, having to do with a footbridge, in a South American country, which gave way and plunged several people to their death in the chasm below.

The late Imperator of the Rosicrucian Order, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, gave much thought to the mysterious occurrence which causes several people to expire from this life at the same instant. Let us consider some of the views of the late Imperator on this subject. He pointed out that all of us must pass over the bridge that separates this life from the next, a bridge which spans that great chasm which divides one phase of life from another. He pointed out that for each of us there may be many bridges to cross. There are bridges over which we pass in joy and happiness, and during the traverse we have the feeling that the bridge will carry us safely. We approach other bridges with reluctance, oftentimes with a foreboding of trouble, sorrow, or

suffering. These are the bridges we have built or created for ourselves. They are the most difficult to cross, and constitute real problems in our lives, for we are the sole traveler upon them. And there are bridges which have been built for us by those who would test and try us, and oftentimes we pass across these bridges alone.

Then there are the bridges on the great highway of life which we cross in the company of other people—people who share our difficulties, problems, and our joys. We may feel that some of the bridges are so strange that none has traveled upon them before. We may be tempted to feel that our individual journey through life is so unique that only one person could travel such an arduous path fraught with so many unnecessary and unreasonable obstacles.

When, however, the path which we have been following reaches a bridge which we know we must cross, we may find that there are also many other paths converging toward the bridge, and that perhaps hundreds or thousands of people are coming together to cross the same bridge—people who will participate in the trials and tribulations of the journey, and equally share all the difficulties of crossing this one bridge. And so we realize that regardless of the diversity of our paths, there are several points in life's journey where many will meet to find that their trials and tribulations are common. Interests are common and efforts are common to reach the goal of life; we are united in common interests despite our individual diversity and ideals. Dr. Lewis pointed out that these meeting points, or the converging lines of life, demonstrate the principle of Universal Brotherhood.

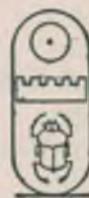
One is caused to wonder what motives, what principles in life, have directed the footsteps of the various beings of humanity on many paths of life toward some of these bridges. One wonders what universal law or principle brings men and women from distant points of the earth through various circumstances, to a point where they cross one bridge at the same time. Men and women of different countries, different stations in life, different characters and personalities as well as different beliefs, meet as one body at the

entrance of a bridge and share equally the experiences which this bridge may hold for them. The mystic says that a law of the Cosmic has brought these people together so that it is necessary for them to cross the one bridge at the same time and have the same experience.

#### ***Collective Transitions***

The mystic ponders upon the law that brings unrelated people together with their different karmas and different purposes. He reasons that they are brought together by a certain inexplicable Cosmic law because it has been decreed in the scheme of things that their transitions are to occur at the same time, in the same place, and in the same manner. Dr. Lewis gave as an example the instance of the airplane crash which carried eight men to their death. He stated that the airplane was a bridge to carry these eight men out of this life. It seems that each of these men had journeyed along different paths and had expected to reach different goals, and that they were in no way related or known to each other, and had no reason to believe that at any time their paths would cross or converge; and yet with all the differences that might have been in their past karma, and with all the differences they believed they had in their future careers, a Cosmic law brought together eight men from eight different paths and starting points and placed them on one bridge at the same time so that a great law might be fulfilled.

Of this Dr. Lewis wrote: "It is interesting for the mystic to speculate on the lives of these eight persons and to wonder what each one of them had done in a previous incarnation or in this one, that although they were of different nationalities, positions and stations in life, of different interests and occupations, living in different localities and unacquainted with one another, their past acts had created identical karmas insofar as each of them was to pass through transition at the same time in the same manner and at the same location, away from their homes and normal places of activity, and that each one of them was to start his Cosmic period of existence on the same day and same hour and at practically the



same minute, although each of them was a different age and of different position in the cycles of existence. . . . Is it possible that in a previous incarnation these eight men knew each other and were united in some small band or unit of human effort, and that they passed out of that incarnation as they did out of this one? Is it possible that in a previous life their activities were so related and so identical that each of them created for this life an identical karmic transition even though in the interval they did not know each other and their paths never crossed?"\*

It was the bridge of life that brought them together, and it was the same bridge that precipitated their transition. It was the function of the Law of Karma—a law which was decreed for each of the eight persons, a law which was fulfilled for each in consistency and justice. Each of the eight people referred to by Dr. Lewis had earned, or created by past actions, the time, the place, and the condition of his transition, "and if the other seven were associated with him in identical efforts and methods of living, then the simplicity of justice and the fairness of Cosmic law would bring them all together to share alike in the karma which was right for each."

And so it is with those thirteen unfortunate people in the State of New Jersey. Whether children or adults in this life, the things which they had done in the past, in this life or in a previous life, had created the condition which affected them all in a similar manner, and which caused them to enter upon the last bridge, thus bringing about the transition of each within a period of a very few hours. And the agency which brought about the transitions was bullets from the pistol of a man who had lost all sense of moral values. We are not concerned with the karma of this man. We know well, however, that he will make full payment for the karmic debt which he has brought upon himself.

In meditating upon this tragedy, the mystic reasons that it must be construed that these thirteen people had acquired all of the necessary experiences which

this earthly life has to offer at this time. The families who survive them have our utmost sympathy. The words on these pages may not offer consolation to those who grieve for the loved ones who have passed through transition, but these words endeavor to explain why the tragedy occurred, insofar as all these good people were brought upon this particular bridge of life at this particular time, and expired within a few hours of one another.

As the men and women forming what we speak of as humanity, perhaps our lives are more closely related than we realize. We must understand, of course, that individually none of us may know when transition will come. Most of us experience death *alone*. It behooves us, therefore, to give particular thought to the tremendous meaning which lies within the following words, written by Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, on the Bridge of Life: "By living each day in harmony with the highest laws and principles, and refraining from doing any injustice or unfair thing, and by keeping ourselves attuned with the good and the harmonious things of life, we will bring ourselves to the ultimate bridge of our lives in company with those who, like ourselves, are deserving of the richest rewards when we have crossed the bridge, and we will find ourselves in companionship with those who have attained and earned the highest of Cosmic blessings. We do not know when we shall come face to face with that great bridge that spans the unknown period of existence, but we do know that beyond the bridge, and thereafter, lies a land and a world that will be just what we deserve and create for ourselves here and now."

Nothing happens by chance. For every cause there is an effect. There is some meaning or aim in every manifestation. There must be the fulfillment of the law. It is not given to us to predetermine the event of transition. We should, therefore, live life to the fullest and make the most of every moment. The doctrine of mysticism tells us that transition is not the final and complete end of life; it is but the passing from one phase of life to another. Furthermore, there is no plunging from transition into a suspension

of near nonexistence; rather, life goes on and on eternally. Life is lived through one incarnation after another. If life is taken from us at this time, we may be sure that we will return to

earth for additional experience, to adjust and correct our lives, and, slowly but surely, to reach that state of understanding where we experience Peace Profound.



## HEIGHTS OF THE HIMALAYAS

(Continued from Page 367)

washed away and large landslides engulf sections of the only road through the country.

We were traversing this region during the period of the annual repairs. The most crude but picturesque methods were being employed. The laborers were principally women and children who welcomed the pittance they received for this work. There are two women or girls to a shovel. One pulls a rope attached to the lower part of the shovel handle, which helps to lighten the load. The other pushes the shovel beneath the local rock. At a given signal they pull and lift together. The excavated soil is put into baskets and carried to dumps, on the backs of women and children.

An amusing incident was the adapting of manpower to the circumstances. In other words, there are various sizes of baskets. Little boys and girls, who could not be over seven or eight years of age, had small baskets adapted to their size, with which they cheerfully trudged to the dumps along with their elders. The rock for grading was crushed by hand with the use of sledge hammers. This was indeed a gruelling task. The crushed rock was carried in the baskets and distributed along the roadbed. The actual surfacing was done by pulling a huge cylindrical tank filled with water to give it weight. To this was attached a long rope and the tank was pulled over the crushed rock, levelling it. The rope was pulled by nearly a hundred women and children, boys and girls, who sang as they bent beneath the weight of the roller.

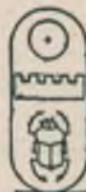
We could not reach Gangtok that day and it was now quite dark. To negotiate these rough roads at night was danger-

ous as sections still remained partially obstructed. We presently stopped at the dak house for which we had been searching, that is, one of the government bungalows. This was located off the road in the inky blackness of vegetation. It was a crude stone structure of two small rooms to provide facilities and protection for travellers such as ourselves. Though primitive, it was a protection against the cold winds that come as soon as the sun drops behind the mountains. The floors were rough-hewn planks—there was plenty of sleeping space on them.

When we lighted our oil lamps and looked about outside, we saw a profusion of giant poinsettias which grew wild. There were also orange trees and banana trees. The bananas were most delicious in their ripened state. It was a variety which grew wild in this region and which never finds its way to Western markets. The amazing fact to us was that tropical plants and fruit could be found at such high altitudes.

After a succulent chicken dinner conjured up by our sirdar in the midst of the wilderness, we gathered about the only table to study a map of the area which had been hanging on the wall. This map was of the terrain of Nepal, Sikkim, and Tibet. It consisted of age-stained paper fastened to round sticks like a scroll. It was tattered and torn. Its markings revealed old *las* or passes in Tibet, the once forbidden land. The full moon now broke through the clouds and silhouetted the mountain crags against the sky like the jagged teeth of a colossal saw. These were once the barriers that landlocked a people and their beliefs from the outside world.

(To be Continued)





The "Cathedral of the Soul" is a Cosmic meeting place for all minds of the most highly developed and spiritually advanced members and workers of the Rosicrucian fraternity. It is the focal point of Cosmic radiations and thought waves from which radiate vibrations of health, peace, happiness, and inner awakening. Various periods of the day are set aside when many thousands of minds are attuned with the Cathedral of the Soul, and others attuning with the Cathedral at the time will receive the benefit of the vibrations. Those who are not members of the organization may share in the unusual benefits as well as those who are members. The book called *Liber 777* describes the periods for various contacts with the Cathedral. Copies will be sent to persons who are not members if they address their requests for this book to Friar S. P. C., care of AMORC Temple, San Jose, California, enclosing three cents in postage stamps. (Please state whether member or not—this is important.)

## CONTINUITY OF BEING



ANNUALLY, the changing seasons remind us of the action of nature in terms of cycles. Each season is, in a sense, the repetition of seasons of previous years, and we are generally conscious of the law by which one cycle follows the other and the process continues to that point where the system or group of cycles begins again.

Actually, the existence of life, while it is subject to various cycles, is not simply a repetition of definite cycles at various intervals; for above and beyond the manifestations of any series of cycles there is, underlining, or we might say, directing these manifestations, a continuity which ties all the various

apparently independent manifestations of units of time and being, and thereby brings them into a constant or continuing series of manifestations.

To illustrate how cycles and the continuity of being can function simultaneously, we have to think of this manifestation symbolically, as being a spiral rather than a series of closed circles. The four seasons of the year seem to be a closed circle in that, when they are completed, the new year begins upon the same cycle as did the previous one. Actually, no one knows at which point in these cycles the new series begins: Some observe the beginning of spring; others, the beginning of fall, while others observe various times of the year as the beginning of a new year. The fact that no one point can

be agreed upon by everybody indicates that the nature of life and life's manifestations is a continual existing manifestation rather than a series of independent cycles.

This is the season of the year which is associated with completion. It is the harvest, the time when man actually, and theoretically, reaps the benefits of his previous efforts. But, at the same time, insofar as man's benefits are concerned, harvest is not really a completion of all things, for it is also the beginning of another period which will be similar to the one that is past and yet which will obviously be much different. For this reason, if we associate the season of the year with the customary period of Thanksgiving, we must, as well be conscious of the fact that gratitude is to be expected not only for the benefits and privileges which we have enjoyed in the seasons just gone, but also for the beginnings, and for the opportunities that lie ahead in the seasons to be repeated.

Thankfulness should be related in consciousness to this continual expression of being. Life cannot be limited, as we have seen, to individual or independent periods of expression, but must always be thought of in connection or in association with its continuity, from

its existence to its destiny. Consciousness is then broadened or, at least, should be expanded to include more than man's appreciation for what he may have gained in the past; in a fuller sense, it should be in accord with this continuity of being as ever expressing itself in an acknowledgment of man's privilege to live and to be a part of the environment in which he is placed, in spite of the times when these environmental factors seem confusing or without aim or purpose.

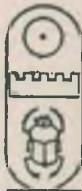
Man then should be aware within his own being that the purpose in life and the reason for the continuity of existence is something for him to learn to appreciate, to help him to live and express his consciousness, which is more or less an incomplete factor. To be conscious of the privileges that others have enjoyed will greatly increase the privileges that we ourselves may be able to enjoy. Continuity of being is man's expression, or appreciation, of the existence of the creative force in the universe. This acknowledgment can be illustrated in our own lives by realizing that such can be made to aid in the growth of our own consciousness and thereby fit us more directly and harmoniously in the proper relationship with the power that causes all to be.



### ATTRACTIVE CHRISTMAS CARDS

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## The Secret of Praying

By DR. H. SPENCER LEWIS, F.R.C.

(From *Rosicrucian Digest*, August, 1932)

Since thousands of readers of the *Rosicrucian Digest* have not read many of the earlier articles of our late Imperator, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, we adopted the editorial policy of publishing each month one of his outstanding articles, so that his thoughts would continue to reside within the pages of this publication.



THE ROSICRUCIAN organization is not primarily one for the study of religion; its study does introduce the philosophy of religious principles but merely as one of its subjects. The Order does not attempt to establish a new religion or a new church. In its many centuries of activities in all countries, it is still looked upon and considered as a fraternal organization, and not as a religion. It does not ask its members to leave their individual churches or to change their religions. We are happy in the fact that we have both Protestants and Roman Catholics in our organization, as well as Jews and Gentiles, and those of every denomination. We have rabbis who are still in charge of their synagogues and Episcopalian clergymen who are active in their congregations. They all carry on their ecclesiastical work without any feeling of embarrassment in their connection with the Rosicrucian organization.

We encourage our members to support the church of their choice even though they may not agree with everything the church might say, because, unquestionably, the churches are doing a good work and need the support of every moral, upright, law-abiding citi-

zen, but despite this attitude toward all religions, that of tolerance and kind feeling, we have a duty, as an organization devoted to the revelation of suppressed knowledge, as an organization constantly digging up new and old information (when I say "digging up" I mean it literally as well as symbolically, since we are members of an Egyptian Exploration Society, digging in the sands to get something out of the mystery temples). We are digging in every sense of the word, for it is our duty to reveal that knowledge which has been kept away from the masses, to reveal the truth even in the form of criticism of certain standards; therefore, what I am going to state in regard to praying should not be taken as criticism of any particular denomination or religion, but of all systems that might be included. I am not saying it in a destructive sense but constructively so that you may benefit by the statements.

Praying is one of the most diversified customs and habits we find throughout the world. If I were to attempt to outline, briefly, the short dictionary definitions of the various forms of praying that exist in the world, it would take hours and hours. I would have you make yourself neutral for a few moments so far as nationality is concerned, and religion, and your presence here in

what is supposed to be a Christian country, semi-Christian and semi-Jewish. Think of yourselves as being world citizens.

The methods of praying used by the Jewish or Christian religions are little known in the newer parts of the world. These methods so familiar to us are like hidden secrets to the average being on the face of the earth; and still these other beings have had prayers and systems of praying for ages, and they look upon their systems, their methods, just as you look upon yours, and perhaps with even a better viewpoint.

I am very well acquainted with the fact that in America today the most popular questions being put forward in all religious sermons and ecclesiastical discussions, in all of the columns of religious magazines and in the talks over the radio, on religion, are: "Is prayer efficacious? Are prayers ever answered? Can we depend upon prayers being answered?" Those are the popular questions in this Western world. Among the Orientals and that large portion of the population representing the countries of Asia, Europe, and Australasia, we find such questions never being asked. With their old systems of praying, their old methods of praying, there is little doubt in their minds as to the value of prayer. It is only here in the Occidental world, where prayer is supposed to be the most highly evolved in its nature and methods, that we have the paradoxical situation or find these highly evolved people doubting the value of prayer. There is some reason for this and that is one of the points I want to touch upon briefly.

We find in all of the foreign countries and among the so-called Orientals, which include that great mass of humanity known as pagans and heathens, that prayer is a very holy, sacred, rigid, systematic, devout thing. It is not an occasional thing. It is not a convenience, but very often a considerable inconvenience at times. If you, for instance, had to pray definitely so many times a day, two or three times, and each time you prayed, you had to stop wherever you were and go to the nearest prayer wheel and stand for one or two hours while your prayer went around that wheel, you would find it

an inconvenience; but in the Occidental World prayer is convenient inasmuch as it is only used when needed, and then only badly used.

The man who thinks he never needs to pray, prays only when he gets into trouble, and then suddenly remembers there is a God, and says, "O God, please help me." That is a prayer of convenience. There is too much of this in the Occidental world, and none of it in the Oriental world, and why? In the first place, despite the fact that the Occidental world is so largely Christian and so largely Jewish (both religions having wonderful prayers) and despite the fact that Jesus, as a leader of the Christian religion, pointed out definitely how to pray, and gave a beautiful example as a standard, praying on the part of Occidental people today is unsystematic, is very little understood, and therefore highly inefficient.

#### To Whom to Pray

I am going to take that form of prayer which is used in the Christian system, as the first one to criticize, and please keep in mind what I said in my introductory remarks. We have a peculiar situation. We have first of all the problem of knowing to whom we are praying. This is something that the Oriental people don't have. Even the pagan, who builds his wooden or stone statue, knows to whom he is praying and never has to puzzle over it, and so it is with those who have a God that is ethereal, like the Buddhist or Mohammedan gods, or any of the gods of the Oriental religions. They may be different gods, but nevertheless, they are definite to these people, and there is never any doubt in their minds as to whom they are praying. Even the great ecclesiastics today admit it is difficult to think conveniently of God in this triune nature—three heads, three bodies—three in one, and in order that you may pray, and that prayer should be efficient, the first requisite is that you be as definite in your conception of the one to whom you are praying as you are definite in your problem.

If you found that some great problem, or obstacle, could be solved or eliminated or taken care of by your going to a certain individual and asking



him, pleading with him, to remove that obstacle, to give you back your health, to save you from disgrace, to save you from contamination, to undo something you have done, you would go to him to ask for a special favor.

The first thing you would say is, "What am I going to do?" You would hardly stand in the middle of the floor of your home or in a temple and pray to some indefinite, vague personality to do something definite for you. Now the Oriental knows his God. It may be a false god or a false understanding of the real God, but he knows his God. He is definite in his own consciousness, and that is what the Christian is not.

All over the country in the prayers used over the radio by the average church, and with my twenty-five years contact with churches, and having prayers taken down in shorthand so we might analyze this system of praying, we have discovered this: That the average Christian clergyman in starting out his prayer, starts out with "O God," and in the next moment he is asking Jesus to do what he wanted God to do. Then he asks God, and then Jesus again. Now, to whom is that person praying? Jesus said, "There is none greater than my Father." Jesus in His prayer that the Christian churches use, started, "Our Father, who art in Heaven." He directed His prayer to God. There is no prayer in the Bible or any other place, or in any of His prayers, or those of His Disciples, where they pray to Him to do what God alone can do. In no place do we find Jesus putting Himself in that position of usurping the position of God, and yet that is what we find in the average prayer. It is not wilfully done, but thoughtlessly.

If we are going to pray to a Deity, we must admit there is but one Deity that can be the Supreme, Omnipotent Ruler of the Universe. If you try to convince me that there are two Gods (never mind about thousands of them) but just two, one more than the God I believe in, then I must lose faith in the Omnipotent God. I cannot understand how two Gods could agree and rule the universe and work in unison. There must be one God if there is any God at all. This is nothing new.

Amenhotep IV, the Pharaoh of Egypt in 1350 B.C., changed 163 religions, 52

principal ones, to the worship of one everlasting God, THE God, greatest of them all. This everliving God was the beginning of a monotheistic God. That religion flashed around the world—the idea of only one God ruling the universe. There is little wonder that the religion lasted only twenty years. The Black Priesthood wiped it out, destroying the temples, and they even had their men go out with hammers and chisels to obliterate and destroy from the walls any mention of God. Obliterating this would have destroyed the religion, but thanks to the Hebrews, through their leader, Moses, this idea of one God, was carried on to a new land and it came down through the ages.

In 1350 B.C., this great Pharaoh of Egypt said there is but one God. This became a symbol of light, an ethereal light. The Jews never pronounced His name. They said the name was unspeakable, and used a hieroglyphic for it. Thirteen hundred years after that came the birth of Jesus. He taught that there was but one God. After His going, came the coming-together of religious ecclesiastics, bookmakers and writers, and so forth, in the second, third, fourth, and fifth centuries after Jesus, and they began to evolve the teachings of Jesus. They began to make God complicated. Do you know where the doctrine of the Trinity originated? It is a fact, horrifying in a way.

It was in 1127 that the Fourth Lateran Council was being held for the purpose of prosecuting heretics. In this Council one at the head of the church foolishly, and in a moment of forgetfulness, said to the man of France (who came to him and asked, "How are we going to tell who are heretics and who are the chosen followers of God, Christians?"), "Destroy them all and God will protect His own."

These men who formed the doctrine of the Trinity and many others interpreted some reason for it in certain passages of the Bible, but they have never explained this satisfactorily. There is not a clergyman today who comes out and admits that that doctrine is real, but they accept it, and I am not criticizing them. If he is a Christian clergyman, he must preach the sermon. He can do nothing else but be faithful

to the doctrines he reveals, but he is not convinced because he cannot understand how Jesus was the only begotten son of God, and yet understand the omnipotent power as being divided three ways, and yet further understand the Master Jesus saying, "There is none greater than my Father in Heaven."

Therefore, it is to this one Supreme Intelligence, God, this great Mind, to whom we must direct, petition, and make our pleas. In this Mind and in this God alone are the things possible that we ask. We seldom ask in our prayers for that which we can do ourselves, unless we are praying foolishly. We look upon our prayers as an opportunity to ask an Omnipotent, Supreme Intelligence to do something that nothing else on the face of the earth can do for us. That is why we pray, and there can be only one power that can take any one of the laws and make an exception to it. There can be only one power that can set aside the course of events, only one power that can change this or that or another thing, and it is to that power alone that we pray. We have the privilege of praying and the right to pray, but we must do it understandingly.

Now the whole problem of praying is, after all, a mystical process. Praying is not a scientific thing. According to scientists, it is just so much piffle. According to science, praying is something inconceivable, childish, inane. I am not saying they never pray because some of them do, but from the scientific point of view all natural laws are immutable. . . . We agree with the materialistic scientist in this respect, for to ask God to make an exception or to change an immutable law is childish. It would be like a child who, sitting on the floor with the sun shining in his eyes, would ask his mother to put a blanket over the sun.

So praying is not a scientific process. It is something from within that transcends material, scientific life so far beyond the horizon and limit of the sky that it is incomprehensible to science. It is a mystical thing—something of our soul and not of our brain, something of our inner selves and not of the outer. This mortal, carnal, flesh body has not the right nor privilege to

ask God, the Creator of all things, to in His mercy and love do something for us. Our body has no privilege to ask that, but the soul within has both privilege and right. It is part of the God consciousness. God, when He created man, said, "I make him in my own image." The soul, therefore, has a right, as a part of the God consciousness, to commune with God and that is what prayer is. It is a communion of the inner self with the Creator.

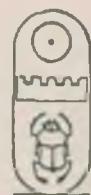
#### **The Pagans**

If you will look upon prayer as a communion, your whole aspect of prayer will change. Let us see what pagans and heathens say. We were surprised on our trip to Europe—myself and other Rosicrucians, who went to study some of this praying business. 'Business' we say, because a guide told us we would see in it such forms that were businesslike. We found that these guides were prejudiced. They thought we were such devout or narrow Christians that we would look upon them as heathens and pagans. They thought we were like the average American and would not pay any attention to the praying; but we found something the average clergyman will not tell you unless you ask him, and that is this: In all the Christian churches, shrines and temples, there was quarrelling, dissension and all kinds of ungodliness. The only places that revealed solitude and peace were the so-called pagan mosques.

All through the Holy Land, guides took us to the so-called holy shrines, places that were supposed to contain relics of the Saints. We had to pay money to get in, and then we found postcards and things for sale. We found that the men inside in ecclesiastical dress talked about things with commonplace jokes, made fun of them. In some of the holy places in Palestine, there were guides, wearing crosses, who laughed at the stories they told, and if we showed signs of having heard these stories before, they would wink and say, "Oh, you have heard that one before?"

We saw here seven or nine holy places with alcoves and to keep peace between the sects of worshippers, keep them from fighting with one another,

(Continued on Page 394)



## Temple Echoes



CTOBER proved to be a month of travel for at least a few members of the staff at headquarters. The Imperator made an excursion into the Northwest, visiting lodges in Vancouver and Victoria, British Columbia, as well as attending rallies in Seattle and Portland. Earlier in the month he attended a rally in Los Angeles.

The Grand Master officially visited lodges and chapters in the Midwest, addressing members in the following places: Detroit, Toronto, Cleveland, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and Denver.

By special arrangement, Frater Disher of the Literary Research Department gave a series of four lectures to the public in Vancouver, British Columbia.

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Officers and departmental heads were not the only ones to be away from their desks during October. Soror Grace Thompson of the Imperator's secretarial staff chose the month for a quick look by air on Ireland, France, Italy, and Portugal.

Soror Clara Leal of the Latin-American Division, whose home is Caracas, Venezuela, has returned there for a two months' visit. On the way, she devoted a week to sightseeing in New York where she had never been.

From this it will be evident that the viewpoint of Rosicrucian Park is far from insular.

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Mention was made in this department last month of the engraving of Thomas Jefferson which appeared on the card accompanying the floral piece

sent by the Thomas Jefferson Chapter of Washington, D.C. The George Washington Carver Chapter of AMORC in the same city also accompanied its floral piece with a beautifully executed card especially prepared from a design created by the master of the chapter, Mr. Wyneberry Boyd.

It may be that some do not realize that the chapter honors in its name a foremost scientist—a man whose stature grows with time and a larger acquaintance with what he accomplished in several fields. His life story has been variously told, but perhaps no more beautifully nor intimately than in the little pamphlet by Glenn Clark, *The Man who Talks with the Flowers*. A complete biography, best seller a few years ago, was that by Rackham Holt.

Recently a Southern artist, a native of Birmingham, Alabama, made a unique portrait of Dr. Carver, which is said to have attracted attention both because of the likeness exhibited and the new art medium which it introduced.

The artist, Felix Gaines, calls it a *Psycho-Beautygraph*. Gaines' portrait led to an idea for strengthening the bonds of friendship between the negro and white races. "Only through education," he has been quoted as saying, "can the race be improved and a better understanding be fostered between the white and the colored race."

Hundreds of churches and schools have received copies of Dr. Carver's portrait as a part of this program, more than two hundred schools and churches in Alabama, Mississippi, and Georgia being represented to date. That his program is bearing, and will continue to bear, rich fruit is evidenced by countless letters which Artist Gaines has received, commending him for his efforts

to spread the gospel of good will between the races. We are naturally proud that a chapter of the Rosicrucian Order bears the name of Dr. George Washington Carver, a truly great man.

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Word comes from Salt Lake City that a Past Masters' Association has recently been organized for the Salt Lake chapter. Masters will assume the chairmanship in the order of their term of service to the chapter. It is also noted that in Salt Lake, chapter meetings were held during the summer contrary to usual custom. Attendance, while not so large as during the winter, has been large enough to be encouraging and to warrant continuance of summer sessions.

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For three weeks in September the Rosicrucian Egyptian and Oriental Museum has exhibited a group of modern paintings under the general title of *Modern Art in the Bay Area*. It is a traveling exhibit sponsored by the American Federation of Arts, Washington, D.C. This marks an expansion of the Museum's program of service to those visiting San Jose and in all likelihood is but the first of many such traveling exhibits.

The paintings, coming from a three weeks' showing in San Diego, were sent from San Jose to San Francisco at the conclusion of their showing here.

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In October the Museum instituted a program of puppetmaking for a group of eighth and ninth grade children. The

program outlined calls for twelve weeks' activity in gathering materials, choosing a play, making puppets and scenery, assigning the parts, rehearsing the play, and finally presenting it. Soror Margot Heeseman of San Jose will be in charge of the instruction.

The adults of San Jose are not being neglected either, for the Museum is playing no favorites. A series of Friday afternoon discourses on various subjects is being offered. The ones given in October were especially varied to be of general interest. Frater J. A. Calcano of the Latin-American Division, opened the series with a provocative talk on "The Objective and Subjective in Art." Frater Floyd Newman of the Public Relations Department followed with a lively discussion of "Esthetics." Soror Katherine Williams, whose rehabilitation work at the Veterans' Hospital in Palo Alto is receiving well-merited attention, continued with "The Importance of Music in Rehabilitation Techniques." Interest was keen among those attending in October as to the programs to be given in November.

Thirsty Conventioners this year patronized a small lemonade stand, set up by enterprising youths in the Park. All in all, it was a satisfactory arrangement. The small lads dispensed lemonade to thirsty members. The members dispensed ideas and information to thirsty youths. Near the end of the Convention, the boys marched up to the Administration Building and asked for information regarding membership in the Order. They were delighted when told that the Junior Order of Torch Bearers would be happy to consider their applications.

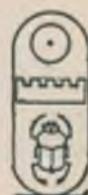
### LYSANDROS' LOGIC

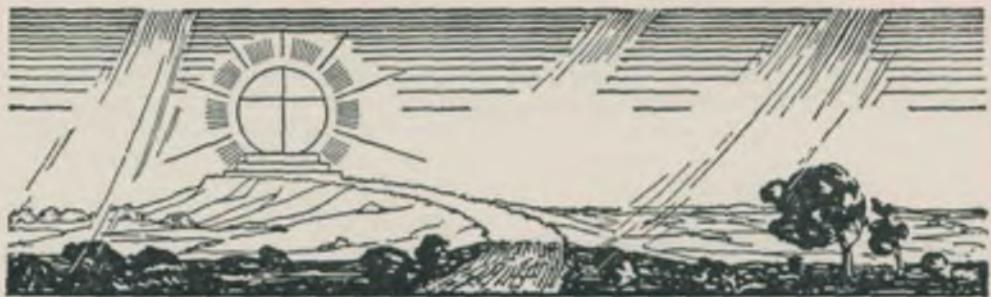
Plutarch narrates that when Lysandros, wishing initiation into the Kabeirian mysteries of Samothrace, was ordered by the priest to confess all the sins he had committed, he asked the priest:

"Must I, then, do this as something demanded by you, or by the Gods?"

"By the Gods!" answered the priest.

"Disappear then, from my presence," said Lysandros, "and I will inform them of whatever they may ask me."





## They Told Their Stories

By FRANCES VEJTASA, F.R.C.



UT OF THE consciousness and memories of people come proofs of the immortal basis for constructive human behavior, declaring the breadth and consistency of the Creator's blueprint. We did not ask for opinions or statements of personalities behind famous names. We advertised. Whoever might feel the urge strong enough to make the effort to convey his experiences was to respond in adding a tiny brick to this mosaic dedicated to human understanding. This mosaic of reminiscences therefore was patterned not only in English-speaking countries but in lands where, although speech is foreign, deeds and gestures persist as a means of human communication, by their reflections into the spiritual and emotional nature of those with whom they come into contact.

A number of the original stories, in an attempt at broadmindedness, introduced some of the benefactors as being of a certain race or a so-called non-Christian. These labels have been removed, with the exception of a few instances, and the subjects are presented in their inner nakedness as fashioned by their Creator. Throughout these accounts of incidents, we are reminded that the blood pulsating beneath the skin of *various-colored* races was not yellow, or white, or black but of the color *red* for all of them.

The  
Rosicrucian  
Digest  
November  
1949

### Childhood

Some of the messages brought images from childhood, just as one brings portraits out of old family albums:

At the age of nine, she with other children was hired to dig sweet potatoes and large, white onions which had ripened along a river near a small town in Kansas. The gardener, a tall, quiet dark-eyed man, was the town's character. In his small field of vegetables, he found plenty to share with those who could not buy. In a shop, behind his little house, he half-soled their shoes at night. This story was whispered to her by a little girl on her first Sunday in that small church attended by worshipers who felt respectable in their repaired shoes. "Isaac has put half soles on the shoes of most everyone here. He does it for nothing. Papa says Isaac's vegetables grow larger than anyone else's because he is always giving some away to poor people."

That simple philosophy of giving stuck in the minds of the children, just as did the image of the man who moved quietly among them—living his life in his own way. Just before each lunchtime and at the close of each day, Isaac walked down the bank to the river to wash his hands and face. Then he would lift his tall form and stand motionless with his eyes closed, his face, with its long black beard, slightly lifted toward the sky. "Now he is talking to God," whispered the children as they

watched while they munched their sandwiches, or as they prepared to leave at the end of day.

Another block fashioned into this mosaic is that of wholesale benevolence. A group of children after finishing a day at school were playing games, when a cry of "Extra" brought a complete disruption. The news vividly described the gruesome details of a fire in a New York factory:

"This sweat-shop building contained no fire escape and some of the fear-crazed women jumped from the upper floors to their death on the pavement below. The sensational newspaper included photographs of the actual holes made in the pavement by those bodies which had fallen, or had been propelled, from a considerable height. In addition, the staff artists made hauntingly vivid their portrayal of the terrified faces of the women, their long hair streaming upward behind them, while their bodies catapulted through space.

"Horrified yet fascinated, we children looked at the pictures, and listened to Agnes, the eldest, who was reading. When she finished, she further accentuated the drama by exclaiming: 'I know where that factory is! It's not far; let's go and see the holes in the ground!' About ten of us followed.

"We crossed the Brooklyn Bridge, across the East River, and proceeded onward, often asking for direction. The walk seemed endless. Pushed, jostled, and stepped on by the milling crowd, we finally arrived at the roped-off site. Policemen were forcing back the crowd, but we were determined to see the holes-in-the-ground. With the agility and dexterity of tenement children, we squirmed, wriggled, and squeezed our way to the front of the crowd.

"On the way home we swapped exaggerated and colorful impressions of what we had just seen, but as darkness descended conversation lapsed. None of us had eaten since lunchtime and now tired and hungry the younger children began to whimper. More rational now, we began to realize that not one of us had informed his mother nor asked permission to go. Our girl-guide was no

homing pigeon and we knew that we were lost.

"The streets of Manhattan are strange, unfamiliar, and often forbidden territory to most Brooklyn children. The dark, canyonlike streets of the factory district, so deserted at night, are terrifying to a lost child. Now and then, the youngest children would sit down and cry while we older ones upbraided Agnes to relieve our own feelings of guilt and apprehension. After resting a bit, we retraced our steps.

"Once in the lights of the Tenement District, we received proper directions. However, by this time we could hardly drag our legs. To cross again the windy expanse of the Brooklyn Bridge seemed an impossible ordeal. The little ones dropped down on the ramp and howled. The rest of us tugged, pulled, and pleaded that they move on, but to no avail.

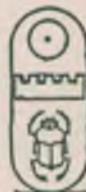
"Many prosperous looking people hurried past our exhausted, pathetic group. Some were preoccupied, some indifferent, others frowned, some smiled as if amused. No one seemed to care or realize the gravity of our situation, until we heard a strong, cheerful voice: 'What's the matter, Kids?'

"Before us was a young man in soiled overalls, carrying a lunchkit. One glimpse of his face was sufficient to know that he was 'our kind of people.' We volunteered tearful confessions. With a 'Come on, little fellow,' he gathered in his arms the smallest one. 'How would you kids like a trolley ride home?'

"Feeling a comfortable security, we followed. Soon we were being placed on the proper streetcar and the conductor was being given directions. The young man paid for all our fares—to poor children an enormous amount. As the car moved, we waved good-by, echoing 'Thank you, Mister! Thanks an awful lot!'"

#### **Home and Mother**

"In our apartment there was a living room with a fireplace, which was Mother's joy. At twilight she would take me in her arms and rock and sing and repeat poetry. She loved Longfellow's 'The Children's Hour' and 'Under the spreading chestnut tree . . .'



Also, she had reams of Swedish poetry tucked within her memory. She was sweetly religious and sang many hymns. Those twilight hours, being rocked and sung to in Mother's arms, are my happiest memory."

From another source come moments in family life, not so happy and yet somehow they find their happy endings. This person relates that both Mother and she have hot tempers which lead to quarrels and suffering, but . . . "I was sitting in a chair, unable to sleep, wishing the whole thing had not happened, and that we were pals again, when Mother came into my room carrying a cup of hot malted milk. She didn't say anything, just handed it to me. I took it, thanked her, and drank it, but what a wave of comfort went over me. Then, I breathed a prayer to God for Mother's thoughtfulness and kindness."

This following one from Porto Rico tells more between the lines than in the words themselves:

"My sister Carlota was one of those frail but exceptional individuals who seem to have been chosen by destiny to fulfill hard tasks and great. When our mother died, Carlota, at the age of fifteen, began mothering us seven younger brothers and sisters. . . . At the age of thirty-two, she was studying for her Doctor's Degree at Columbia University, living on a meager scholarship, and on some extra money she earned by teaching English at night to Italian immigrant girls. . . ." So we learn of Carlota's numerous sacrifices in order to propel a motherless home, but indirectly we learn that Carlota herself prospered spiritually and culturally.

#### **Teacher and School**

Naturally, many indelible impressions come from school days. Here is a mere *touch* of a hand that has survived: "One day while in grade school I turned ill and when a teacher asked me if I was sick, I nodded my head and was excused. A girl who was not particularly popular followed me out and for a moment solicitously laid her hand on my forehead, just as Mother might have done, had she been there. She wasn't asked to and didn't have to go out with me. I didn't know then that

the impression made would be a lasting one."

A little girl in Helsinki, Finland, had to get up at 5:30 a.m. in order to get to school on time. Motherless at thirteen, and frail, she made her own breakfast, prepared her lunch, and then ran most of the way. Without adequate clothes and with no rubbers, rain or shine, she would not miss one day of school out of the six days a week. A few times she was tardy and wondered why the teachers did not mark her so. Later, she was informed that although unknown to her they knew the effort she was making and responded cooperatively.

"Next fall I was presented with a train ticket for the entire year. I still have a part of that ticket glued on the back of an old photograph. Years have passed, but this bit of old paper lives as a symbol never failing to arouse thoughts of gratitude for those teachers."

Here is a strange one:

"When I was five years old, my sister graduated from high school, and among the numerous things she received were twenty-three books. I looked forward from that day on to get my lot of books. Years rolled by and at last the great day arrived. My mother opened the packages and arranged them on the parlor table. I would see them the first thing in the morning.

"The right moment came, and I stood at the parlor table, my heart beating, my eyes roving from gift to gift: jewelry of all descriptions; silk, lace-trimmed, and gilt-spangled fans and parasols; fancy handkerchiefs; sheet music; but not one book. I burst into tears.

"Now, what's the matter? Don't you like your gifts?" My father's voice startled me. "They are lovely but I would gladly exchange them all for one book," I managed to confess.

"Father picked up his hat and coat and went out the front door. An hour later, I heard the familiar thud of his peg leg on the wooden sidewalk. At the same time, our bulldog *Bob* bounced off the back porch and ran around the corner to meet Father. I followed as was our custom. Papa handed me a BOOK—*David Copperfield*. It is still my most precious possession."

### **Gifts, Varied and Odd**

Some of the unexpected giving landed in the more accustomed places, such as birthday remembrances to hospital patients (even by stranger to stranger), or to shut-ins at home, or gifts to war babies and war brides, or as a reward for some service which was thought to have been forgotten, or gifts of pastry, canned fruit, fresh vegetables, and other things when a housewife finds herself with a broken limb in a cast, or some other disability.

Gifts also took more unusual channels or ways of expression:

"It has been my habit (just before Christmas) to put a dollar with a Christmas card in an envelope and carry it in my purse to give to some child whom I might see on the street or in a building, waiting for busses, and so forth." Wistful, sad-faced children, old for their age—you have seen them. They are everywhere, especially at Christmastime when store windows and counters are full of temptations. "Here is a Christmas card for you," has been used as an introduction, by this civilian Santa Claus.

Not any help for the frayed or many-times-washed clothes of these children, but a definite lift to the spirit; and the joy registers both ways.

One woman, a lover of animals, is delighted with a purebred Siamese kitten given to her, without any preliminaries, by the manager of a self-service laundry upon her second visit there. How did he know that she, among all the persons who came to do their work, was the right person to give love and a home to Nemo? That is her question.

From another continent comes this piece:

"Once at a little party, I mentioned to an elderly lady, a stranger, my love of astronomy and that I had a telescope but was having difficulty in obtaining a tripod for it. Imagine my thrill and surprise when the next evening a parcel was delivered containing a beautiful, folding tripod in a leather case."

And there are fairy godmothers also in Australia: "I was a governess for two children. After a year, my holidays were due, and I was to visit my mother who was living alone in the

country. Evening came and to my surprise the mother of the pupils took me to the train in her car. She handed me an envelope. In it was not only extra money but a ticket, including a sleeper. In the train I came unexpectedly upon my only sister, and learned that Mrs. H— had also made possible her trip and vacation, so that we could be home together."

In New York City someone was given season tickets for the Metropolitan Opera. This was the recipient's first introduction to *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Pagliacci*, *Rheingold*, *Siegfried*, *Die Meistersinger*. "I shall never forget the great mental exaltation and intense uplift when, at the very first attendance, appreciation for sublime music awakened in me," she declares.

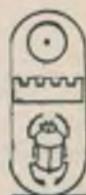
### **The Medium of Flowers**

Flowers play a part not only to cheer in illness or to represent symbols for gratitude and beauty but to fill spiritual and other needs.

One woman, whose garden became overabundant with gladioli, tried to share them with a florist, but found the shop overstocked. At the same instant two ladies who had come to buy flowers for their mother's casket found the price too high and were tearfully turning away. Here was an opportunity for an unexpected gift—seventy-five flowery spikes of color! "I look upon this incident as a God-send and to them it must have been *good luck*," says this benefactress.

May one be hungry for beauty? In a Greek church during an interval in the chanting of the priests on an Easter Sunday, trays of violets arranged in small bouquets on a single leaf were passed to the congregation. "I, being a stranger, did not receive any, and I wanted one very much. On the way home a man, holding one of the violet bouquets, took an opposite seat in the train. He said he had seen me in church, and then offered the flowers. His insistence was so sincere that I accepted. The leaf was special; I understood that the trinity was shown in the markings of the leaf. This gesture on the part of the giver seemed like a spiritual offering to me."

(Continued on Page 392)



# The Reader's Notebook

By

JOEL DISHER, F.R.C.  
Literary Research  
Department



Opinions expressed are the writer's own. In no way are they to be understood as AMORC's endorsement or recommendation of books quoted or mentioned; nor do they constitute an official judgment.



OST OF US accept words as unthinkingly as we breathe. We treat them as we do the weather—making them the topic of occasional conversation, rarely doing anything about them. We know they are necessary to the exchange of ideas, but few of us imagine them to have an independent effect upon our lives. That is where we are wrong.

"Whether he realizes it or not . . .", wrote S. I. Hayakawa, in his book, *Language In Action* (Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1941), "Mr. Smith is affected every hour of his life not only by the words he hears and uses, *but also by his unconscious assumptions about language*. These unconscious assumptions determine the way he takes words—which in turn determines the way he acts, whether wisely or foolishly. Words and the way he takes them determine his beliefs, his prejudices, his ideals, his aspirations. They constitute the moral and intellectual atmosphere in which he lives, in short, his semantic environment. If he is constantly absorbing false and lying words, or if his unconscious assumptions about language happen to be, as most of our notions are that have not been exposed to scientific influence, naive, superstitious, or primitive, he may be con-

stantly breathing a poisoned air without knowing it."

We may wonder a little what Professor Hayakawa means by the phrases "unconscious assumptions" and "semantic environment," for, as he says, most of our notions have not been exposed to scientific influence. In the main, we are as highhanded in our use of words as Humpty Dumpty, making them mean what we want them to mean. This is an unconscious assumption, a thoughtless one. It takes no account of semantics, which is the science of their meanings. Such an attitude makes our semantic environment dangerous and uncertain. It leads to our becoming afraid of words, afraid of dictionaries, afraid of any but the most common expressions. Certainly, this does something to our thinking—and in the end leads to using words in stilted fashion, or to tongue-tied silence.

I once knew a man so self-conscious because of his unconscious assumptions about language and his semantic environment that he couldn't even ask for a helping at the dinner table without making everyone feel embarrassed and uncomfortable.

"I may prove a trifle troublesome," he would say, "but I shall rescind my former decision and accept of a morsel of meat." He was not only breathing poisoned air but spreading it with every breath. In his way, he was as bad as

the Scotch parson who used such peculiar and high-flown language in the pulpit that he was the only one who had any idea what he was talking about. That's making words defeat their purpose.

I very well remember the first time I heard the word *preposterous*. It is a very expressive word, meaning "contrary to common sense." I was delivering an article for which I was to collect a certain amount of money. The customer was shocked at the price and fairly shouted: "Preposterous!" I was equally shocked—by the word. What could such a word mean? It was some time before I found out, for no one recognized the word I was asking about, "prompidonkuless." That experience made me aware of my crippled semantics environment and awakened a keener interest in words and their meaning. This was a fascinating game, getting acquainted with individual words and tracing their family histories. It was something of a surprise when I came face to face with the study of philology and discovered that my game really had a high-brow classification. I felt as Moliere's would-be gentleman, M. Jordan, must have when he discovered he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it.

Philology loses its suggestion of pedantry when we think of it as being a combination of *philos*—loving, and *logos*—speech. All of us can be lovers of speech without becoming pedants or pests. Philology can be a game equally entertaining for a family or for one. It can be played anywhere at anytime and is as effective as counting sheep when we need to relax. It contributes, too, to a one-world viewpoint because our most everyday words come to us from all over the globe. A simple sentence proves that: "He sat in his *madras pajamas* sugaring his *coffee* and nibbling *currants* while the *apricots* and *cantaloupe* went untouched."

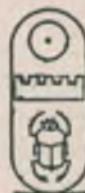
*Madras* is Indian, denoting the place where that cloth was first made. *Pajama* is Persian from *pai*—leg, and *jamah*—clothing. Sugar has an interesting history—in the Sanskrit, it is *sarkara*; but the Persians called it *shakar*. The Arabs changed it to *Sukkar* and bequeathed it to the Spaniards

who called it *azucar*. The French borrowed it from Spain and called it *sucré*; and we took it from France. *Coffee* is from the near East; *currants* were named for Corinth in Greece. *Apricot* started out as Latin *praecoquum*—"early ripe"; the Greeks transformed it as *praikokion* and the Arabs gave it a twist *al-burquq*. In Spain the Arabic word became *albaricoque* and the Italians called it *albricocco*. The French shortened it to *abricot* and the English made the *b* into a *p*. *Cantaloupe* was named for *Cantalupo* in Italy. This may indicate how nourishing to body and mind even a solitary breakfast can be.

Hobby though philology may be, it is not without practical benefit. It is one of the means by which we improve our semantic environment. It makes words individually alive, leads to their becoming friends instead of strangers. When words become friends, we use them more considerately; more considerate use leads to better thinking. From vague thinking, expressed in words of which we are uncertain and half afraid, we pass to more and more exact thinking construed in terms capable of carrying to another the exact meaning intended. When we say what we mean, others respond more cooperatively, and we have a happier experience in all our contacts.

Oftentimes, so-called self-improvement is a drudgery because we fail to awaken an interest before we begin to work at the technique of expression. This is disappointing, for it is artificial, the centering of our thoughts on how to say a thing without having anything to say. We appear to have been, in Shakespeare's words, "at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps."

Duane Clayton Barnes has written a little book called *Wordlore* (E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc., N.Y. 1948, \$2.25) which serves as a fascinating introduction to the curious life-stories of many words. It is packed with adventure, and in reading it one never thinks of the classroom or the imagined dullness of academics—instead one meets history, commerce, humaneness, romance, diplomacy, international relations—even humor. It also answers many questions which



ordinarily never have answers: How the goose got into gooseberry, how tawdry and chenille got their names; how lizard became an alligator, and how noon came to mean twelve o'clock. Wherever we turn, words pop up full of meaning. Being acquainted with that meaning adds a subtle flavor to their use and brings an appreciation before lacking. The words are the same, but we are different. By the strange alchemy which they exert, we rise to new levels of consciousness. That is the important thing: Words help us open doors of the mind, behind which many treasures lie ready for our taking.

This time of year when hundreds of thousands have returned to school, and the very air seems redolent with education's promise, is just the time to do something about our semantic environment.

Leigh Hunt once wrote: "Sitting last winter among my books, and walled round with all the comfort and protection which they and my fireplace could afford me—to wit, a table of high-piled books at my back, my writing desk on

one side of me, some shelves on the other, and the feeling of the warm fire at my feet—I began to consider how I loved the authors of those books: how I loved them too, not only for the imaginative pleasures they afforded me, but for their making me love the very books themselves, and delight to be in contact with them."

Such seems to me the perfect setting for adventure, especially when you recall Ruskin's definition of a book. An author sums up his knowledge and his life's experience in print. He hands it to us neatly bound and says: "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory."

That, Ruskin says, is a book—and all of it is brought to us by words—words which you and I all too often bandy about, neglect, abuse. It is high time we treated them with more respect. There is no better time than now.



#### ATTENTION, HIERARCHY MEMBERS

To assure your being "with us," we suggest that you mark upon your calendar the date for the January Hierarchy Meditation Period in which the Imperators of America and Europe will participate. Kindly adjust from Pacific standard time to your local time.

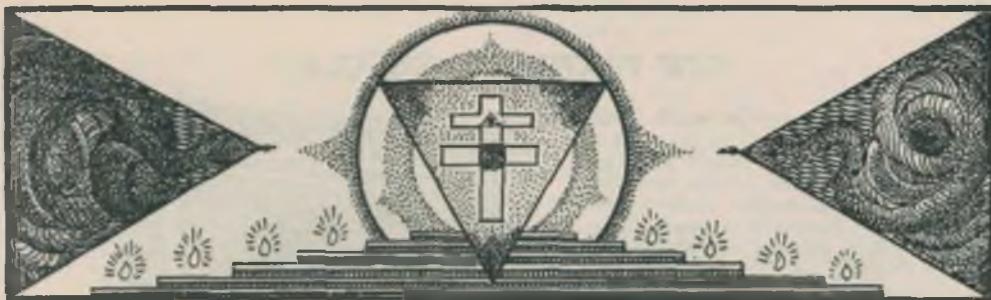
Those who have attained to the Hierarchy understand the purpose and importance of these periods, and will report to the Imperator, indicating their *degree* and key number.

The date: January 12 at 8:00 p. m., P. S. T.

#### FOURTH DEGREE INITIATION IN OAKLAND

Eligible members in Oakland, California, and vicinity will have the opportunity of receiving the fourth degree initiation to be presented by the ritualistic officers of the Oakland Lodge of AMORC at 5117 East 14th Street, on Wednesday, November 30, at 8 p. m.

For further information, direct your inquiries to the Secretary of the Oakland Lodge. (See directory in the back of this magazine.)



## Creed of Peace

**T**HE PEACE OF THE WORLD cannot be legislated. Neither are its real elements formed across conference tables, at which sit the dignitaries who represent the great powers. At this juncture of world affairs, too much stress is placed upon the mechanics of peace—namely, commerce, industry, geopolitics, immigration, and production—and too little upon the human equation.

It is the man in the street—the bootblack, the mechanic, and the clerk, for example—who fashions wars and peace. It is well enough to prate that war is a result of coalition of nations, or of selfish banking and political interests, but such, after all, are composed of men. In every city there are those who proudly boast that a certain wealthy industrialist, the mayor, or some dominant political figure was once the son of comparatively humble parents. In fact, parents the world over, where conditions permit, hope and dream that their offspring will aspire to and attain a position of affluence and respect in national and possibly international affairs. Therefore, how these sons later, as diplomats, heads of governments, and financiers, exert the powers they have acquired reflects the character and development of their simple beginnings—the influences of the man in the street. The true articles of peace are not drawn up in the marble halls of the courts and capitals of the nations of the world, but in the personal aspirations and conduct of the millions of little

people. In their leaders, the people see symbolized their own noble or lamentable characters. Consequently, let us, daily and sincerely, each affirm as our *Creed of Peace*:

*I am guilty of war* when I proudly exercise my intelligence to the disadvantage of my fellow man.

*I am guilty of war* when I distort others' opinions, which differ from my own.

*I am guilty of war* when I show disregard for the rights and properties of others.

*I am guilty of war* when I covet what another has honestly acquired.

*I am guilty of war* when I seek to maintain my superiority of position, by depriving others of their opportunity to advancement.

*I am guilty of war* if I imagine my kin and myself to be a privileged people.

*I am guilty of war* if I believe a heritage entitles me to monopolize resources of nature.

*I am guilty of war* when I believe other people must think and live as I do.

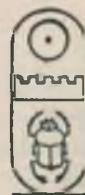
*I am guilty of war* when I make success in life solely dependent upon power, fame, and riches.

*I am guilty of war* when I think the minds of people should be regulated by force, rather than by reason.

*I am guilty of war* when I believe the God I conceive is the one others must accept.

*I am guilty of war* when I think that a land of a man's birth must necessarily be the place of his livelihood.

—Reprinted from *The Rosicrucian Forum*



## NEW FRATERNAL TIE CLASP

You will wear *distinction* itself in the new fraternal tie clasp. This clasp preserves the beauty and dignity of the *crux ansata* and the triangle—Rosicrucian emblems in style for thousands of years. This distinctive, modern, and attractively designed tie clasp is  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches long—10-karat gold filled, and beautifully boxed in a convenient case. The emblem attached is also in 10-karat gold, with contrasting red and blue in enamel. This handsome tiepin would delight any man—husband, son, or brother—as a Christmas or year-round gift.

Postpaid, \$5.25

ROSIKRUCIAN SUPPLY BUREAU, ROSICRUCIAN PARK - SAN JOSE, CALIF.



## THEY TOLD THEIR STORIES

(Continued from Page 387)

### *I Share My Apples*

More than at any other time, the need for consideration is among those who travel. Help with luggage, with children, with unexpected illness all come for their share of acknowledgment. Appreciation follows the policemen, the policewomen, the conductor, and the passengers who stand by. One woman was obliged to travel from New York to Panama in an uncomfortable cabin on the lower deck of a prewar luxury boat. Most of the passengers were cruising for pleasure, but she with three children, ages four and one-half, three, and one and one-half, was on her way to Nicaragua to rejoin her husband, a businessman. The inexperience of the traveler was tried by three days of violent storms and seasickness, and a stewardess who was always too busy.

The young mother tells her own story:

"The first day I crawled out on the deck with my restless and untidy brood, the other travelers looked askance; then ignored me. I tied the two little ones by their leashes to my chair. When they grew restless and cried, I took them back to the kind privacy of the cabin where they could howl all they wanted to.

"When we reached Panama, I learned that the small boat which was to take us to Nicaragua was delayed for two days. A long hot wait in the Customs, and then a hotel. At least we can eat now I thought, as for a few minutes I relaxed on the bed which seemed to tip and float under me. It took me two hours to make myself and the children presentable. I had lost 15 pounds and acquired trembling hands. Because of my inexperience I did not realize that I could have had something brought to our room, and that in the eyes of the "sophisticated" it was quite improper to bring young children into the dining room at that hour.

"There were a few diners eating in that sea of spotless linen and arrays of gleaming table service. Our waiter was slow in coming; in fact, it seemed to me that he was avoiding us. When he did come he had trouble understanding my order of vegetable soup and baked apples. I was humiliated and embarrassed. Finally he disappeared. The clock ticked on and he did not come. The head waiter did not seem to want to see me. The children, hungry and tired, began to disturb the silver. One tipped over her water glass. I tried to entertain them with wild stories, but

my throat got tight and my eyes were filling.

"In a far corner at a table sat a woman with a child about the age of my youngest. The child sat in a high-chair and the mother was peeling an apple. Just as I thought I could endure my situation no longer, the woman in that far end of the room got up and came forward with a plate. The other diners turned to look at her. She was tall and quietly dressed but moved with the same self-assurance as if she were in her own home. When she reached our table, she offered the two apples on her plate. 'You have been waiting long. Have you come far? You must be tired.' As she turned to go, she added: 'I hope you have a good journey. You have such lovely children.'

"I felt better because of the attention, the apples, and 'such lovely children.' Later some one of the management

suggested that I might have meals brought to us.

"I have traveled thousands of miles since that day, and have tried to remember to 'share my apples' with less fortunate travelers whose lives touch mine if only for an hour or for a moment."

In the same mail, as if to exonerate from blame those who might be accused of inconsideration, come reminders of frustrations in attempts to do for others. Sincere offers to assist with the suitcase have been met with curt rebuffs, and sympathetic wishes to "carry the baby" receive glances of fear and suspicion. What must we human beings do to establish faith in our deeds to one another—deeds which should be recognized as natural and the result of pure motives?

(To be concluded in some future issue.)



### THE ROSICRUCIAN PLANETARIUM

Make a visit to the starry heavens by means of the *Theatre of the Sky*. You can learn and be entertained in two Sunday demonstrations, 3 and 8 p. m. FREE LECTURE in the lobby—star demonstrations in the Sky Theatre. Admission: 50¢ for adults and 18¢ for children.

New changes in the sky match changes on earth. Scientific knowledge threaded with folk stories—simple stories with the profound meaning of the stars.

Special shows during the week by appointment—minimum of 25 persons—any age, any organization.

November—"Is There Life on Other Worlds?"

December—"Star of the East."

January, 1950—"Mysteries of the Universe."

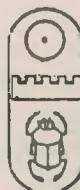
(Including an explanation of our changing Polar Stars)



Colors—  
red and gold

### HOLIDAY SEALS

Here are handsome and useful seals for your Christmas mail. They are printed in red and gold and bear the name and symbol of the Rosicrucian Order. They will not only enhance the appearance of your packages and letters but, in a dignified manner, will draw the attention of many persons to the name of AMORC. Do yourself a service and spread the mystical significance of the Order. A package of 100 seals for 60 cents. Send order and remittance to: Rosicrucian Supply Bureau, San Jose, California.



## THE SECRET OF PRAYING

(Continued from Page 381)

the British soldiers were stationed near by. Guides point out the holes in the walls of the temples or in the shrines where the people on one side tried to shoot the ones on the other side, with the holy sepulchre in the center; and they sell postcards showing the holes in the walls.

We went to mosques also—Mohammedan and Arabian mosques where at the door we had to take our shoes off and put on slippers. There were boys and men to assist us. They make no charge, and refuse to accept any money. If you offer them a tip, they are insulted. When you enter, you find a large open space in the mosque covered with two or three thousand Oriental rugs; every one of the prayer rugs is ages old.

We had to walk with these carpet slippers, around those who were praying. Here and there and elsewhere were Mohammedans and others at prayer, some quietly chanting, perhaps tears in their eyes, but they were at prayer. They did not look at the sightseers coming in, and to see if we had paid our admission fee as there was none, and to wonder if we had bought postcards to pay for the lights. At the other shrines they reminded us that they needed the money in order to carry on. We never stayed in those Oriental places, among those who were praying, half as long as we did in the others because many of the Christian edifices were like museums. Some displayed a thorn from the crown, a piece of the cross on which Jesus was crucified, a piece of the loin cloth around His body. Why, if all of the pieces of the cross that are for sale in the Christian shrines in Palestine were to be put together, it would make a cross that would reach from here to New York City; and as to the crown of thorns, not only sold there, but in other places as well, that crown of thorns must have been enormous.

There is something wrong when the sacred things of religion can be peddled off for twenty-five or thirty cents. In the temples of the so-called pagans and heathens, these things are not sold and

there is nothing charged; there is the utmost reverence and silence. It was so impressive that you could not come out of those temples without tears in your eyes, whereas you came out of the other places with a throbbing in your heart, and regret that you had seen what was supposed to be the center of Christian religion. I have those facts and I am not painting a picture of contamination or criticism of any religion but to permit you to realize how a religion can be misunderstood and involved by doctrines and arguments, and that God can be divided into three, and the mass does not know to whom they are praying.

What do the Orientals say about prayer? It is a communion. The night we started across the desert, we left Cairo and the Pyramids, and the Sphinx, and traveled with our train of camels (there were seventy-eight persons, American citizens and many Canadians) with the chief of the Arabs, a man in charge of 6,000 tribesmen, and British police to protect us. There was nothing but the setting sun to guide us, and once in a while a sand dune would even hide the sun. . . .

We knew we would land at the tent of Abdul and spend the night as his guests. As we neared the tent, it was beginning to get dark but we could see the camel men take the rugs from the backs of the camels (their prayer rugs) and lay them down, facing the East, and pray. We were watching, yes, but it did not make any difference: they must pray—sunrise and sunset. There are others that pray at midnight and noon, and others that pray when awakening, whatever the hour may be, and when they go to sleep. There are some that never pray before washing their hands and feet and some say this: "It is unthinkable to go into the presence of God and commune, unclean of body." Think of that! That is the pagan idea, the heathen idea!

### **Home Sanctums**

We have thousands and thousands of AMORC members who pray privately in their own sanctums at home, where

they can be quiet and alone, except for the presence of God, but they know how to pray; and that is the important point. They know it is a mystical communion with God. They know that they have no right to come before this God of their conception, this God of the Universe as the Omnipotent, Supreme Ruler of the Universe, without a prayer, a word, a heart of thankfulness for the privilege of praying, and secondly an appreciation for life itself. So their prayers begin with thankfulness instead of "My God, I want . . ." They know in the first place that whatever they ask for is a benediction and a blessing. Life itself is not a thing that man can demand, for it is only a Divine blessing for which he must be eternally thankful. So the first attitude is one of thankfulness and of relief that nothing can be demanded.

The next important point that the Christian and many others overlook is this: That God is not ignorant of man's necessities, is not ignorant of man's present trials and tribulations, and it is presumptuous to come before God and say, "God, here is my situation: Perhaps you don't know or see me. Perhaps you don't understand. Let me tell you what the trouble is I am in." Then "God, let me tell you what the solution is; let me tell you what to do to change the course of my life." You could not go before a court and lay your legal troubles before the judge in such a presumptuous attitude and tell him how to solve the problem. Perhaps he has an idea that is better than your own. How many go to God feeling that God knows better than they do?

The first thing to do is to speak to God as friend to friend, soul to soul. Talk with God, walk with God, commune with Him in a sacred way. Here is what I would say:

"I understand that blessing, that love in giving me life, giving me consciousness. I understand that goodness in creating all this that is so good. But I have gotten into wrong in some way. I have a problem I think I have created. I don't know what to do! I am coming to you, God, for light, for inspiration. I cannot tell you what to do, God; I don't know. My finite understanding

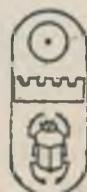
does not let me comprehend the scheme of things enough to understand, let alone tell you what to do. Let me lie in thy bosom of love and sleep while you work out my problem."

I am going to quote from a book containing a collection of prayers.\* You can see how mystics have this understanding of prayer; and if you will follow these prayers, or could pray as they, you would find what the efficacy of praying is. In the first place, the mystic knows better than to ask God to give him money or give him a lot and house, or give him material things as though God had them on a tray and would let them slip, falling into one's lap. The theme of the mystic's prayer is thankfulness for life—and if your judgment does let me have more, then more I shall have. If it is the end of my days, then I will accept it. If this is my lot in life, then I will accept it. There is but one God and even Jesus, the other point of the Trinity, called upon God when on the cross.

Now take the prayer that Jesus gave to us to learn to pray. In that prayer in the translation it says, "Lead us not into temptation," yet God never leads man into temptation. The original, however, says, "Lead us when in temptation, but deliver us from evil." There are dozens of prayers in this book, and I want to call your attention to this one by St. Augustine: "O God, who dost grant us what we ask, if only when we live a better life." Another one by St. Augustine is: "O God, where was I wandering to see Thee? O most infinite beauty, I sought Thee without and Thou wast in the midst of my heart." Such prayers as these tell us how to pray. The most beloved prayer of Sister Cawdry was this one: "O God, Thine is the Kingdom, the power and the glory forever and ever. Amen."

Remember that prayer is communion. It is the most sacred, the most religious, the most vital, the most beautiful blessing and privilege that man has—to talk to God at any time, anywhere he may be. Lift your thoughts. Lift your voice, if you wish. Lift yourself higher but find God at the same time within you.

\**Mystics at Prayer*, \$1.45—Rosicrucian Supply Bureau, San Jose.



Talk quietly to the soul and consciousness within—talk with joy, a note of cheer and appreciation of thankfulness in your voice. Thank God even for the trials and tribulations because of the lessons they contain. Thank God for every stumble that has caused you to fall, because in rising you have learned a lesson, how to lift yourself up. Thank God for the lessons—good or bad by your judgment. They may all be good in the mind of God. You are not the judge. Two or three times a day talk with God as you would walk with God

and tell Him what you think. Tell Him your troubles and trials.

Talk to God as you would talk to your closest companion, your dearest friend. Be acquainted, be intimate, be friendly and happy with God. Don't fear God, for God is all love and mercy. God does not want you to fear Him. There is no fear of any God that is real; there is no anger nor jealousy in any God, for the one God above all is the God of love and mercy. And you have the privilege of praying to this God and having your prayers answered.



## Thinking Out Loud

By VALIDIVAR



HERE IS NO distinction in living. The world is teeming with life. A drop of water beneath a microscope reveals a universe as alive with beings as the thicket of a jungle. To strive to continue to live puts man in competition with all things that creep, fly, swim, or walk. There is no individual merit in conforming to such an urge; in fact, it is difficult not to do so. The man who devotes himself entirely to living has accomplished no more than the blade of grass he crushes beneath his feet.

Today thousands upon thousands of persons thrill to the small pocket-size novels devoted almost entirely to murder mysteries. Instinctively, the desire to live is very strong within such persons. The horror of life being suddenly snuffed out fascinates them. Yet, *having life*, how many conscious moments do they devote to understanding its purpose or to using it for any other means than to further its continuance?

With all things, *except man*, the end of life is just to *be*. The consciousness of man, however, is able to survey itself and apply living to an end. Man can realize the economy of nature and know there is no waste of effort or sub-

stance in nature. Each thing is related to another. There are no gaps in the universe. One thing merges or passes into another. The complete and permanent absence of a phenomenon or its cause would produce chaos. Therefore, for man to live and not to employ his reason to the fullest extent of which he is capable is a sin against nature. To live and not exercise every faculty of perception and apperception which you possess is to defy the attributes of your being. The rose does not withhold its perfume nor the sun its heat and light. What you do with life is the purpose of your existence. Not to live intelligently is a withholding of your potentialities.

It is not sufficient to *know* yourself. It is also incumbent to *use* yourself. It is your duty to vanish every mystery, to substitute understanding for doubt. It is your duty to fashion, create, and form, not merely to respond to but to direct the forces of nature of which you are aware. It is your duty to establish a theocracy upon earth, an existence patterned as nearly as possible to what you conceive the Divine to be. In your consciousness is mirrored the universe. It is a spectacle which you alone of all living things are permitted to gaze upon. To look intently upon it with understanding brings supreme happiness.



### TIBETAN NOMAD

As did his forbears for centuries, this nomad had trekked through the las (mountain passes) of the Himalayas from inner Tibet. His long hair and his exotic attire make it difficult to determine his sex. At this bazaar in Gangtok, Sikkim, portal to Tibet, he bartered wares from his primitive two-wheeled cart. Shyly, he consented to be photographed.

*(Photo by AMORC Camera Expedition)*



# "My Mamma Told Me"

## Is Your Advice As Good? As They Deserve?

THERE is no question of your motive. You want to give the best advice—but do you? If your child's health is in danger you consult a physician. If his eyes trouble him, you do not rely on family opinion—you visit an optometrist. It is also your duty to guide his imagination into the right channels—to awaken natural latent talents—to give him the start that perhaps you did not have. But are you prepared? Can you instill in the susceptible mind of your boy or girl—those few words each day—that can influence his or her later life for the better? You cannot pass this responsibility on to school and teacher. The moulding of their characters, the direction of their mental vision, are your job.

The Junior Order of Torch Bearers (a nonreligious movement), devoted to the cultural training of

children, has prepared a series of intensely interesting, simple to read and easily understood, lesson-stories for parents to read to their children, or for children to read for themselves. Whether your child is five or fourteen, there is a lesson-story to fit his or her mind. They teach appreciation of beauty, art, and music; they indicate the need of self-reliance, and the consideration of others—they encourage initiative.

Send For These Free  
Particulars

Without obligation you may have further information on how you may receive these child guidance lesson-stories or lecture-lessons. Just write today to the address below and ask for the "Keys to the Chest of Knowledge" (10-16-512), a guide to parents. It will be sent free.

The Junior Order of Torch Bearers (AMORC), San Jose, Calif.



## THE PURPOSE OF THE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

The Rosicrucian Order, existing in all civilized lands, is a nonsectarian fraternal body of men and women devoted to the investigation, study, and practical application of natural and spiritual laws. The purpose of the organization is to enable all to live in harmony with the creative, constructive Cosmic forces for the attainment of health, happiness, and peace. The Order is internationally known as "AMORC" (an abbreviation), and the AMORC in America and all other lands constitutes the only form of Rosicrucian activities united in one body for a representation in the international federation. The AMORC does not sell its teachings. It gives them freely to affiliated members together with many other benefits. For complete information about the benefits and advantages of Rosicrucian association write a letter to the address below, and ask for the free book *The Mastery of Life*. Address Scribe S. P. C., in care of

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"FUDOSI"  
(Federation Uni-  
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Ordres et  
Societes  
Initiatiques)

AMORC TEMPLE  
Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California, U.S.A.  
(Cable Address: "AMORCO")

Supreme Executive for the Jurisdiction of North, Central, and South America, Australasia, and Africa  
Ralph M. Lewis, F.R.C.—Imperator

## DIRECTORY

### PRINCIPAL AMERICAN BRANCHES OF THE A.M.O.R.C.

The following are the principal chartered Rosicrucian Lodges and Chapters in the United States, its territories and possessions. The names and addresses of other American Branches will be given upon written request.

#### CALIFORNIA

**Long Beach:**\*  
Abdiel Lodge, 2455 Atlantic Ave. Loren G. Ruback, Master; Lorena Christopher, Sec. Sessions every Fri., 8 p.m.

**Los Angeles:**\*  
Hermes Lodge, 148 N. Gramercy Place, Tel. GLAdstone 1230. Robert B. T. Brown, Master; Myrtle Newman, Sec. Library open 2-5 p.m.; 7-10 p.m. Review classes Mon. through Fri. Sessions every Sun., 3 p.m.

**Oakland:**\*  
Oakland Lodge, Office and Library—610 16th St., Tel. HIGate 4-5996. G. W. Mapes, Master; Virginia O'Connell, Sec. Library open Mon., Wed., Fri. afternoons; Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri. evenings. Sessions 1st and 3rd Wed., 8 p.m. at Scio's Hall, 5117 E. 14th St.

**Pasadena:**  
Akhnaton Chapter, Altadena Masonic Temple. Aubrey G. Wooderman, Master, 1523 Encino Ave., Monrovia, Tel. DO. 7-2311; Eloise Anderson, Sec. Sessions 2nd and 4th Tues., 8 p.m.

**Sacramento:**  
Clement B. LeBrun Chapter, 2130 "L" St. Jose de la Rosa, Master; F. G. Christian, Sec. Sessions 2nd and 4th Wed., 8 p.m.

**San Diego:**  
San Diego Chapter, House of Hospitality, Balboa Park. Charles M. Lindsey, Master, 4246 Jewell; Florence Christensen, Sec. Sessions 1st, 2nd, and 4th Thurs., 8 p.m.

**San Francisco:**\*  
Francis Bacon Lodge, 1957 Chestnut St., Tel. WE-1-4778. J. O. Kinzie, Master; Lois F. Hethcock, Sec. Sessions for all members every Mon., 8 p.m.; for review classes phone secretary.

#### COLORADO

**Denver:**  
Denver Chapter, 1009 17th St. Hays L. Livingston, Master; Ann Covals, Sec., 2928 York St. Sessions every Fri., 8 p.m.

#### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

**Washington:**  
Thomas Jefferson Chapter, 1322 Vermont Ave. Mrs. Minnie P. Stough, Master, 1437 Rhode Island Ave., N.W.; Georgene R. Todd, Sec. Sessions every Fri., 8 p.m.

#### FLORIDA

**Miami:**  
Miami Chapter, Biscayne Temple, 120 N.W. 15th Ave. Mrs. E. H. Smith, Master; Florence McCullough, Sec., 2015 S.W. 23rd Ave. Sessions every Sun., 8 p.m.

#### ILLINOIS

**Chicago:**\*  
Nefertiti Lodge, 2539 N. Kedzie Ave., Tel. Everglade 4-8627. Myrtle Lovell, Master; Mrs. L. E. Mantor, Sec. Library open daily, 1-5 p.m. and 7:30-10 p.m.; Sun., 2-5:30 p.m. only. Sessions every Tues. and Thurs., 8 p.m.

#### INDIANA

**South Bend:**  
South Bend Chapter, 203 S. Williams St. Mrs. Louise W. Weaver, Master; Amelia Nivers, Sec., 1031 W. Duball Ave. Sessions every Sun., 7 p.m.

**Indianapolis:**  
Indianapolis Chapter, 311 Ober Bldg., 38 N. Pennsylvania St. Bert Kingan, Master; Ida E. Dora, Sec., 236 Cecil Ave. Sessions every Tues., 8:15 p.m.

#### MARYLAND

**Baltimore:**\*  
John O'Donnell Lodge, 100 W. Saratoga St. E. Warren Spencer, Master; Beatrice B. Spencer, Sec., 102 Alleghany Ave. Sessions 1st and 3rd Wed., 8:15 p.m. Library, 220 N. Liberty St., open Tues., Thurs., Fri. p.m.

#### MASSACHUSETTS

**Boston:**\*  
Johannes Kelpius Lodge, 284 Marlboro St. Felix Gregory, Master; Carl G. Sandin, Sec. Sessions every Sun. and Wed., 7:30 p.m.

#### MICHIGAN

**Detroit:**\*  
Thebes Lodge, 616 W. Hancock Ave. Mathew G. Tyler, Master, 7561 Abington; Clarissa Dicks, Sec. Sessions every Tues., 8:15 p.m.

**Lansing:**  
Leonardo da Vinci Chapter, 603 S. Washington. Clair C. Willsey, Master; Bertha Harmon, Sec. Sessions 2nd and 4th Mon., 8 p.m.

#### MINNESOTA

**Minneapolis:**  
Essene Chapter, Spanish Room, Radisson Hotel, 45 S. 7th St. Mrs. Robert W. Steenberg, Master; Delia Coose, Sec., 2016 Emerson Ave. S. Sessions 2nd and 4th Sun., 3 p.m.

#### MISSOURI

**St. Louis:**\*  
Thutmose Lodge, George Washington Hotel, 600 N. Kingshighway Blvd. M. Kassell, Master; Earl Tidrow, Jr., Sec., 7918 Kingsbury Blvd., Clayton, Mo. Sessions every Tues., 8 p.m.

#### NEW JERSEY

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H. Spencer Lewis Chapter, 443-5 Broad St. John D. McCarthy, Master; Johanna Buhbe, Sec., 30 Montgomery St., Bloomfield, N.J. Sessions every Tues., 8:30 p.m.

#### NEW YORK

**Buffalo:**  
Rama Chapter, 225 Delaware Ave., Room 9. Dr. C. G. Steinhauser, Master; Carolyn A. Wood, Sec., 23 Terrace. Sessions every Wed., 7:30 p.m.

**New York City:**\*  
New York City Lodge, 250 W. 57th St. William Stillwagon, Jr., Master; Edith M. da Rocha, Sec. Sessions Wed., 8:15 p.m. and Sun., 3:00 p.m. Library open week days and Sun., 1-8 p.m. Booker T. Washington Chapter, 69 W. 125th St., Room 63. David Waldron, Master; Clarence M. Callender, Sec. Sessions every Sun., 8 p.m.

**Rochester:**

Rochester Chapter, Hotel Seneca. Dorothy M. Decker, Master; William Rabjohns, Sec. Sessions 1st Wed., 3rd Sun., 8 p.m.

**OHIO****Cincinnati:**

Cincinnati Chapter, 204 Hazen Bldg., 9th and Main St. Gustav F. P. Thumann, Master; Bertha Abbott, Sec. Sessions every Wed and Fri., 7:30 p.m.

**Dayton:**

Elbert Hubbard Chapter, 56 East 4th St. Mary C. High, Master; Mary Turner, Sec., 436 Holt St. Sessions every Wed., 8 p.m.

**Toledo:**

Michael Faraday Chapter, Roi Davis Bldg., 3rd Fl., 905 Jefferson Ave. Dorothy Van Doren, Master; Hazel Schramm, Sec., 1514 Freeman St. Sessions every Thurs., 8:30 p.m.

**OREGON****Portland:**

Portland Rose Lodge, 2712 S. E. Salmon. Floyd K. Riley, Master; Walter G. Allen, Sec. Sessions every Wed., 8 p.m. and Sun., 7 p.m.

**PENNSYLVANIA****Philadelphia:**

Benjamin Franklin Lodge, 1303 Girard Ave. Dr. S. Milton Zimmerman, Master; Fred A. Thomas, Sec., 2706 W. Allegheny Ave. Sessions every Sun., 7:30 p.m. Temple and library open Tues., Thurs., 7-10 p.m.

**Pittsburgh:**

The First Pennsylvania Lodge, 615 W. Diamond St., North Side. David Stein, Master; Lydia F. Wilkes, Sec. Sessions Wed. and Sun., 8 p.m.

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The addresses of other foreign Grand Lodges, or the names and addresses of their representatives, will be given upon request.

**AUSTRALIA****Sydney, N. S. W.**

Sydney Chapter, I.O.O.F. Bldg., 100 Clarence St. F. R. Goodman, Master. 2 "Girvan" 129 Kurraba Rd., Neutral Bay; Victor Bell, Sec., 60 Dennison St., Bondi Junction. Sessions 1st, 3rd and 5th Saturday afternoons.

**Melbourne, Victoria:**

Melbourne Chapter, 25 Russell St. Kathleen Dodds, Master; Fred Whiteway, Sec., 37 Black St., Middle Brighton S. 5.

**BRAZIL****Sao Paulo:**

Sao Paulo Chapter, Rua Tabatinguera 165. Sylvio E. Polati, Master; George Craig Smith, Sec., Caixa Postal 4633. Sessions 2nd and 4th Sat., 8:30 p.m.

**CANADA****Montreal, P. Q.:**

Mount Royal Chapter, The Lodge Room, Victoria Hall, Westmount. Mrs. A. Enzelhard, Master; Jean Pierre Trickey, Sec., 444 Sherbrooke St. E. Sessions 1st and 3rd Thurs., 8 p.m.

**Toronto, Ontario:**

Toronto Chapter, Sons of England Hall, 58 Richmond St., East. Oron C. Dakin, Master; Edith Hearn, Sec., 300 Keele St. Sessions every Mon., 8:15 p.m.

**Vancouver, B. C.:**

Vancouver Lodge, 878 Hornby St. Dorothy L. Bolsover, Master; Tatlow 2003; Lettie C. Fleet, Sec., 1142 Harwood St. MA-3208. Sessions every Mon. through Fri. Lodge open 7:30 p.m.

**Victoria, B. C.:**

Victoria Lodge, 725 Courtney St. Miss E. M. Burrows, Master; Dorothy G. Johnston, Sec., 821 Burdett Ave.

**Windsor, Ont.:**

Windsor Chapter, 808 Marion Ave. Mrs. Stella Kucy, Master; George H. Brook, Sec., 2089 Argyle Ct. Sessions every Wed., 8:15 p.m.

**Winnipeg, Man.:**

Charles Dana Dean Chanter I. O. O. F. Temple, 293 Kennedy St. A. G. Wirdnam, Master; S. Ethelyn Wallace, Sec., 851 Westminster Ave. Sessions 1st and 3rd Thurs., 7:45 p.m.

**DENMARK AND NORWAY****Copenhagen:**

The AMORC Grand Lodge of Denmark and Norway. Arthur Sundstrup, Grand Master; Kaj Falck-Rasmussen, A. F. Beyersvej 15 A. Copenhagen F., Denmark.

**EGYPT****Cairo:**

Amenhotep Grand Lodge. Salim C. Saad, Grand Master, 1 Kasr-El-Nil St.

\*(Initiations are performed.)

**TEXAS****El Paso:**

El Amarna Chapter, 519 N. Santa Fe. Ernest G. Bourjaily, Master, 523 N. Campbell St.; William Turner, Sec. Sessions 1st and 3rd Sun., 2 p.m.

**Fort Worth:**

Fort Worth Chapter, 512 4th St. Marjorie P. Doty, Master; Robert L. Proctor, Sec. Sessions every Fri., 8 p.m.

**Houston:**

Houston Chapter, 1320 Rusk Ave. Robert E. Martin, Master; Alyce M. La Rue, Sec., 3105 Chenevert. Sessions every Fri., 7:30 p.m.

**UTAH****Salt Lake City:**

Salt Lake City Chapter, 211 Hopper Bldg., 23 E. 1st South. Clarence R. Parry, Master; Clara J. Parker, Sec., 243 S. 7th East. Sessions every Thurs., 8:15 p.m.

**WASHINGTON****Seattle:**

Michael Maier Lodge, Wintonia Hotel, 1431 Minor. Maurice V. Boldrin, Master. Tel. De 5324; Ethel Jefferson, Sec., Tel. Ra. 5059. Sessions every Fri., 8 p.m. Library open Tues., Thurs., 1-4 p.m.; Mon., Wed., 7-9 p.m.; Sat., 1-3 p.m.

**WISCONSIN****Milwaukee:**

Karnak Chapter, Republican Hotel, 907 N. 3rd St. George W. Wood, Master; 3934 N. 2nd St.; Bessie F. Smith, Sec. Sessions every Mon., 8:15 p.m.

**ENGLAND**

The AMORC Grand Lodge of Great Britain. Raymond Andrea, F. R. C., Gr. Master, 34 Baywater Ave., Westbury Park, Bristol 6.

**London:**

London Chapter. Richard Lake, Master, 38 Cranbrook Rise, Ilford, Essex; Lawrence Ewels, Sec., 26 Datchet Rd., Catford, London, S.E. 6.

**FRANCE**

Mlle. Jeanne Guesdon, Sec., 56 Rue Gambetta, Villeneuve Sainte Georges (Seine & Oise).

**HOLLAND**

Amsterdam: De Rozekruiers Orde, Groot-Loge der Nederlanden. J. Coops, F.R.C., Gr. Master, Hunzestraat 141.

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Italian Grand Lodge of AMORC. Orlando Timpanaro Perrotta, Sec., c/o Mrs. De Gorga, Via G. Baglivi, 5-D.1. Quartiere Italia.

**MEXICO****Mexico, D. F.:**

Quetzalcoatl Lodge, Calle de Colombia 24. Sr. Ruperto Betancourt, Master; Sr. Benito de Koster, Sec., Eureka No. 15, Col. Industrial.

**INDONESIA****Semarang, Java:**

Mrs. M. C. Zeydel, Gr. Master-General, Djungli 47.

**NEW ZEALAND****Auckland:**

Auckland Chapter, Victoria Arcade, Room 317. Mrs. E. M. Wood, Master, 2nd Fl., Giffords Bldg., Vulcan Lane, C 1; John O. Andersen, Sec. Sessions every Mon., 8 p.m.

**PUERTO RICO****San Juan:**

San Juan Chapter, 1655 Progreso St., Stop 23, Santurce, J. L. Casanova, Master; Jesus Rodriguez, Sec. Sessions every Sat., 8 p.m.

**SWEDEN****Malmö:**

Grand Lodge "Rosenkorset." Albin Roimer, Gr. Master, Box 30, Skalderviken, Sweden.

**SWITZERLAND****Lausanne:**

AMORC Grand Lodge, 21 Ave. Dapples. Dr. Ed. Bertholet, F.R.C., Gr. Master, 11 Ave. General Guisan.

**VENEZUELA****Caracas:**

Alden Chapter, Velazquez a Miseria, 19. Sra. F. Briceno de Perez, Master; Sra. Carmen S. Salazar, Sec., Calle Cuarta 2, Bellavista. Sessions 1st and 3rd Fri., 6 p.m.

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Armando Font De La Jara, F.R.C., Deputy Grand Master

Direct inquiries regarding this division to the Latin-American Division, Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California, U.S.A.

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